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POEMS OF
SPENSER



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The Golden Poets

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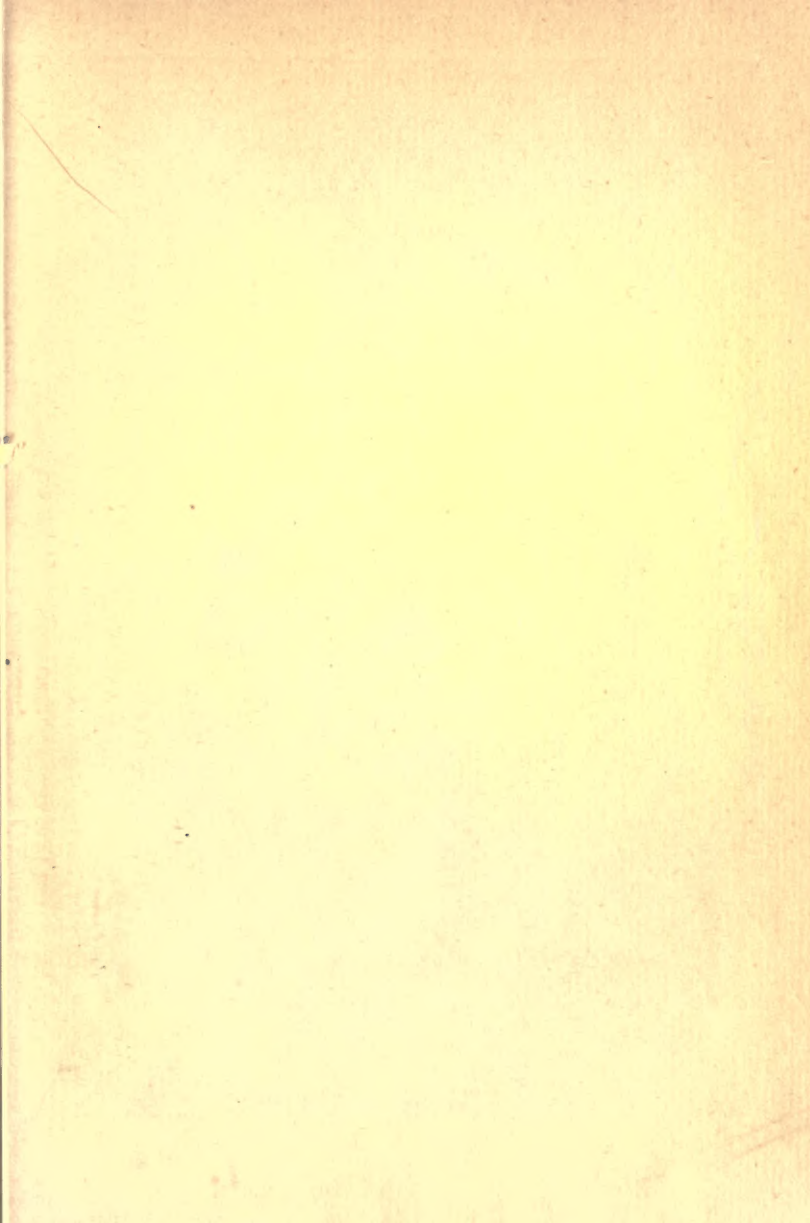
SPENSER

SELECTED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

W. B. YEATS

FRONTISPIECE AND VIGNETTE TITLE BY A. S. HARTRICK

COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE M. KING



Edmund Spenser .



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INTRODUCTION

I

WE know little of Spenser's childhood ^{Early} and nothing of his parents, except that ^{years.} his father was probably an Edmund Spenser of Warwickshire, a man of good blood and 'belonging to a house of ancient fame.' He was born in London in 1552, nineteen years after the death of Ariosto, and when Tasso was about eight years old. Full of the spirit of the Renaissance, at once passionate and artificial, looking out upon the world now as craftsman, now as connoisseur, he was to found his art upon theirs rather than upon the more humane, the more noble, the less intellectual art of Malory and the Minstrels. Deafened and blinded by their influence, as so many of us were in boyhood by that art of Hugo, that made the old simple writers seem but as brown bread and water, he was always to love the journey more than its end, the landscape more than the man, and reason more than life, and the tale less than its telling. He entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1569, and translated allegorical poems out of Petrarch

Early
studies.

and Du Bellay. To-day a young man translates out of Verlaine and Verhaeren ; but at that day Ronsard and Du Bellay were the living poets, who promised revolutionary and unheard-of things to a poetry moving towards elaboration and intellect, as ours—the serpent's tooth in his own tail again—moves towards simplicity and instinct. At Cambridge he met with Hobbinol of 'The Shepherds Calender,' a certain Gabriel Harvey, son of a rope-maker at Saffron Walden, but now a Fellow of Pembroke College, a notable man, some five or six years his elder. It is usual to think ill of Harvey, because of his dislike of rhyme and his advocacy of classical metres, and because he complained that Spenser preferred his Faerie Queen to the Nine Muses, and encouraged Hobgoblin 'to run off with the Garland of Apollo.' But at that crossroad, where so many crowds mingled talking of so many lands, no one could foretell in what bed he would sleep after nightfall. Milton was in the end to dislike rhyme as much, and it is certain that rhyme is one of the secondary causes of that disintegration of the personal instincts which has given to modern poetry its deep colour for colour's sake, its overflowing pattern, its background of decorative landscape, and its insubordination of detail. At the opening of a movement we are busy with first principles, and can find out

everything but the road we are to go, every-
 thing but the weight and measure of the impulse, **Friend-ship with Harvey.**
 that has come to us out of life itself, for that
 is always in defiance of reason, always without
 a justification but by faith and works. Harvey
 set Spenser to the making of verses in classical
 metre, and certain lines have come down to us
 written in what Spenser called 'Iambicum
 trymetrum.' His biographers agree that they
 are very bad, but, though I cannot scan them, I
 find in them the charm of what seems a sincere
 personal emotion. The man himself, liberated
 from the minute felicities of phrase and sound,
 that are the temptation and the delight of rhyme,
 speaks of his Mistress some thought that came to
 him not for the sake of poetry, but for love's sake, —
 and the emotion instead of dissolving into de-
 tached colours, into 'the spangly gloom' that
 Keats saw 'froth up and boil' when he put his
 eyes into 'the pillowy cleft,' speaks to her in
 poignant words as if out of a tear-stained love-
 letter: .

'Unhappie verse, the witnesse of my unhappie state,
 Make thy selfe fluttring winge for thy fast flying
 Thought, and fly forth to my love wheresoever she be.
 Whether lying restlesse in heavy bedde, or else
 Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerful boorde, or else
 Playing alone carelesse on her heavenlie virginals.
 If in bed, tell hir that my eyes can take no reste ;
 If at boorde tell her that my mouth can eat no meete ;
 If at hir virginals, tell her that I can beare no mirth.'

II

Rosalind. He left College in his twenty-fourth year, and stayed for a while in Lancashire, where he had relations, and there fell in love with one he has written of in 'The Shepherds Calender' as 'Rosalind, the widdowes daughter of the Glenn,' though she was, for all her shepherding, as one learns from a College friend, 'a gentlewoman of no mean house.' She married Menalchus of the 'Calender,' and Spenser lamented her for years, in verses so full of disguise that one cannot say if his lamentations come out of a broken heart or are but a useful movement in the elaborate ritual of his poetry, a well-ordered incident in the mythology of his imagination. To no English poet, perhaps to no European poet before his day, had the natural expression of personal feeling been so impossible, the clear vision of the lineaments of human character so difficult; no other's head and eyes had sunk so far into the pillowy cleft. After a year of this life he went to London, and by Harvey's advice and introduction entered the service of the Earl of Leicester, staying for a while in his house on the banks of the Thames; and it was there in all likelihood that he met with the Earl's nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, still little more

than a boy, but with his head full of affairs of **Meeting with Sidney.** State. One can imagine that it was the great Earl or Sir Philip Sidney that gave his imagination its moral and practical turn, and one imagines him seeking from philosophical men, who distrust instinct because it disturbs contemplation, and from practical men, who distrust everything they cannot use in the routine of immediate events, that impulse and method of creation that can only be learned with surety from the technical criticism of poets, and from the excitement of some movement in the artistic life. Marlowe and Shakespeare were still at school, and Ben Jonson was but five years old. Sidney was doubtless the greatest personal influence that came into Spenser's life, and it was one that exalted moral zeal above every other faculty. The great Earl impressed his imagination very deeply also, for the lamentation over the Earl of Leicester's death is more than a conventional Ode to a dead patron. Spenser's verses about men, nearly always indeed, seem to express more of personal joy and sorrow than those about women, perhaps because he was less deliberately a poet when he spoke of men. At the end of a long beautiful passage he laments that unworthy men should be in the dead Earl's place, and compares them to the fox—an unclean feeder—hiding in the lair 'the badger swept.' The

'The
Shep-
herds Cal-
ender.'

imaginer of the festivals of Kenilworth was indeed the fit patron for him, and alike, because of the strength and weakness of Spenser's art, one regrets that he could not have lived always in that elaborate life a master of ceremony to the world, instead of being plunged into a life that but stirred him to bitterness, as the way is with theoretical minds in the tumults of events they cannot understand.] In the winter of 1579-80 he published 'The Shepherds Calender,' a book of twelve eclogues, one for every month of the year, and dedicated it to Sir Philip Sidney. It was full of pastoral beauty and allegorical images of current events, revealing too that conflict between the æsthetic and moral interests that was to run through well-nigh all his works, and it became immediately famous. He was rewarded with a place as private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Grey de Wilton, and sent to Ireland, where he spent nearly all the rest of his life. After a few years there he bought Kilcolman Castle, which had belonged to the rebel Earl of Desmond, and the rivers and hills about this castle came much into his poetry. Our Irish Aubeg is 'Mulla mine, whose waves I taught to weep,' and the Ballyvaughan Hills, it has its rise among, 'old Father Mole.' He never pictured the true countenance of Irish scenery, for his mind turned constantly to the courts of Elizabeth and to the

umbrageous level lands, where his own race was **Life in ?**
 already seeding like a great poppy : **Ireland.**

' Both Heaven and heavenly graces do much more
 (Quoth he), abound in that same land then this :
 For there all happie peace and plenteous store
 Conspire in one to make contented blisse.
 No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
 No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
 No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
 No nightly bordrags, nor no hue and cries ;
 The shepheards there abroad may safely lie
 On hills and downes, withouten dread nor daunger,
 No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
 Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
 The learned arts do florish in great honor,
 And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price.'

Nor did he ever understand the people he lived among or the historical events that were changing all things about him. Lord Grey de Wilton had been recalled almost immediately, but it was his policy, brought over ready-made in his ship, that Spenser advocated throughout all his life, equally in his long prose book the 'State of Ireland' as in the 'Faerie Queen,' where Lord Grey was Artigall and the Iron man the soldiers and executioners by whose hands he worked. Like an hysterical patient he drew a complicated web of inhuman logic out of the bowels of an insufficient premise—there was no right, no law, but that of Elizabeth, and all that opposed her opposed themselves to God, to civilisation, and to all inherited wisdom and courtesy, and should be

The
'Faerie
Queen':
Marriage.

put to death. He made two visits to England, celebrating one of them in 'Colin Clout come Home again,' to publish the first three books and the second three books of the 'Faerie Queen' respectively, and to try for some English office or pension. By the help of Raleigh, now his neighbour at Kilcolman, he had been promised a pension, but was kept out of it by Lord Burleigh, who said, 'All that for a song!' From that day Lord Burleigh became that 'rugged forehead' of the poems, whose censure of this or that is complained of. During the last three or four years of his life in Ireland he married a fair woman of his neighbourhood, and about her wrote many intolerable artificial sonnets and that most beautiful passage in the sixth book of the 'Faerie Queen,' which tells of Colin Clout piping to the Graces and to her; and he celebrated his marriage in the most beautiful of all his poems, the 'Epithalamium.' His genius was pictorial, and these pictures of happiness were more natural to it than any personal pride, or joy, or sorrow. His new happiness was very brief, and just as he was rising to something of Milton's grandeur in the fragment that has been called 'Mutabilitie,' 'the wandering companies that keep the woods,' as he called the Irish armies, drove him to his death. Ireland, where he saw nothing but work for the Iron man, was in the midst of the last struggle of the old

Celtic order with England, itself about to turn **Revolt of Irish.**
bottom upward, of the passion of the Middle Ages with the craft of the Renaissance. Seven years after Spenser's arrival in Ireland a large merchant ship had carried off from Loch Swilly, by a very crafty device common in those days, certain persons of importance. Red Hugh, a boy of fifteen, and the coming head of Tirconnell, and various heads of clans had been enticed on board the merchant ship to drink of a fine vintage, and there made prisoners. All but Red Hugh were released, on finding substitutes among the boys of their kindred, and the captives were hurried to Dublin and imprisoned in the Burningham Tower. After four years of captivity and one attempt that failed, Red Hugh and his companions escaped into the Dublin mountains, one dying there of cold and privation, and from that to their own country-side. Red Hugh allied himself to Hugh O'Neil, the most powerful of the Irish leaders—'Oh, deep, dissembling heart, born to great weal or woe of thy country!' an English historian had cried to him—an Oxford man too, a man of the Renaissance, and for a few years defeated English armies and shook the power of England. The Irish, stirred by these events, and with it maybe some rumours of 'The State of Ireland' sticking in their stomachs, drove Spenser out of doors and

Death.

burnt his house, one of his children, as tradition has it, dying in the fire. He fled to England, and died some three months later in January 1599, as Ben Jonson says, 'of lack of bread.'

During the last four or five years of his life he had seen, without knowing that he saw it, the beginning of the great Elizabethan poetical movement. In 1598 he had pictured the Nine Muses lamenting each one over the evil state in England, of the things that she had in charge, but, like William Blake's more beautiful 'Whether on Ida's snowy brow,' their lamentations should have been a cradle song. When he died 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Richard III.,' and 'Richard II.,' and the plays of Marlowe had all been acted, and in stately houses were sung madrigals and love songs whose like has not been in the world since. Italian influence had strengthened the old French joy that had never died out among the upper classes, and an art was being created for the last time in England which had half its beauty from continually suggesting a life hardly less beautiful than itself.]

III

When Spenser was buried at Westminster Abbey many poets read verses in his praise, and threw then their verses and the pens that had

written them into his tomb. Like him they **Merry England and modern England.** belonged, for all the moral zeal that was gathering like a London fog, to that indolent, demonstrative Merry England that was about to pass away. [Men still wept when they were moved, still dressed themselves in joyous colours, and spoke with many gestures.] Thoughts and qualities sometimes come to their perfect expression when they are about to pass away, and Merry England was dying in plays, and in poems, and in strange adventurous men. If one of those poets who threw his copy of verses into the earth that was about to close over his master were to come alive again, he would find some shadow of the life he knew, though not the art he knew, among young men in Paris, and would think that his true country. If he came to England he would find nothing there but the triumph of the Puritan and the merchant—those enemies he had feared and hated—and he would weep perhaps, in that womanish way of his, to think that so much greatness had been, not as he had hoped, the dawn, but the sunset of a people. He had lived in the last days of what we may call the Anglo-French nation, the old feudal nation that had been established when the Norman and the Angevin made French the language of court and market. In the time of Chaucer English

Anglo-
French
era.

poets still wrote much in French, and even English labourers lilted French songs over their work ; and I cannot read any Elizabethan poem or romance without feeling the pressure of habits of emotion, and of an order of life which were conscious, for all their Latin gaiety, of a quarrel to the death with that new Anglo-Saxon nation that was arising amid Puritan sermons and Mar-Prelate pamphlets. This nation had driven out the language of its conquerors, and now it was to overthrow their beautiful, haughty imagination and their manners, full of abandon and wilfulness, and to set in their stead earnestness and logic and the timidity and reserve of a counting-house.] It had been coming for a long while, for it had made the Lollards ; and when Anglo-French Chaucer was at Westminster its poet, Langland, sang the office at St. Paul's. Shakespeare, with his delight in great persons, with his indifference to the State, with his scorn of the crowd, with his feudal passion, was of the old nation, and Spenser, though a joyless earnestness had cast shadows upon him, and darkened his intellect wholly at times, was of the old nation too. His 'Faerie Queen' was written in Merry England, but when Bunyan wrote in prison the other great English allegory Modern England had been born. Bunyan's men would do right that they might come some day to the Delect-

able Mountain, and not at all that they might live happily in a world whose beauty was but an entanglement about their feet. Religion had denied the sacredness of an earth that commerce was about to corrupt and ravish, but when Spenser lived the earth had still its sheltering sacredness. His religion, where the paganism that is natural to proud and happy people had been strengthened by the platonism of the Renaissance, cherished the beauty of the soul and the beauty of the body with, as it seemed, an equal affection. He would have had men live well, not merely that they might win eternal happiness but that they might live splendidly among men and be celebrated in many songs. How could one live well if one had not the joy of the Creator and of the Giver of gifts? He says in his 'Hymn to Beauty' that a beautiful soul, unless for some stubbornness in the ground, makes for itself a beautiful body, and he even denies that beautiful persons ever lived who had not souls as beautiful. (They may have been tempted until they seemed evil, but that was the fault of others.) And in his 'Hymn to Heavenly Beauty' he sets a woman little known to theology, one that he names Wisdom or Beauty, above Seraphim and Cherubim and in the very bosom of God, and in the 'Faerie Queen' it is pagan Venus and her lover Adonis who create

**The
Paganism
and the
Platonism
of the
age.**

Spenser's the forms of all living things and send them
worship of out into the world, calling them back again to
Intellec- the gardens of Adonis at their lives' end to
tual rest there, as it seems, two thousand years be-
Beauty. tween life and life. He began in English poetry,
 despite a temperament that delighted in sensuous
 beauty alone with perfect delight, that worship
 of Intellectual Beauty which Shelley carried to a
 much greater subtlety and applied to the whole
 of life.

The qualities, to each of whom he had planned
 to give a Knight, he had borrowed from Aristotle
 and partly Christianised, but not to the for-
 getting of their heathen birth. The chief of the
 Knights, who would have combined in himself
 the qualities of all the others, had Spenser lived
 to finish 'The Faerie Queen,' was King Arthur,
 the representative of a strange quality Magnifi-
 cence. Born at the moment of change, Spenser
 had indeed many Puritan thoughts. It has been
 recorded that he cut his hair short and half
 regretted his hymns to Love and Beauty. But
 he has himself told us that the many-headed
 beast overthrown and bound by Calidor, Knight
 of Courtesy, was Puritanism itself. Puritanism,
 its zeal and its narrowness, and the angry sus-
 picion that it had in common with all movements
 of the ill-educated, seemed no other to him than
 a slanderer of all fine things. One doubts, indeed,

if he could have persuaded himself that there could be any virtue at all without courtesy, perhaps without something of pageant and eloquence. He was, I think, by nature altogether a man of that old Catholic feudal nation, but, like Sidney, he wanted to justify himself to his new masters. He wrote of knights and ladies, wild creatures imagined by the aristocratic poets of the twelfth century, and perhaps chiefly by English poets who had still the French tongue; but he fastened them with allegorical nails to a big barn door of common-sense, of merely practical virtue. Allegory itself had risen into general importance with the rise of the merchant class in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and it was natural when that class was about for the first time to shape an age in its image, that the last epic poet of the old order should mix its art with his own long descended, irresponsible, happy art.

A Puritan's dislike of Puritanism.

IV

Allegory and, to a much greater degree, symbolism are a natural language by which the soul when entranced, or even in ordinary sleep, communes with God and with angels. They can speak of things which cannot be spoken of in any other language, but one will

**Allegory
and sym-
bolism.**

always, I think, feel some sense of unreality when they are used to describe things which can be described as well in ordinary words. Dante used allegory to describe visionary things, and the first maker of 'The Romance of the Rose,' for all his lighter spirits, pretends that his adventures came to him in a vision one May morning; while Bunyan, by his preoccupation with heaven and the soul, gives his simple story a visionary strangeness and intensity. He believes so little in the world, that he takes us away from all ordinary standards of probability and makes us believe even in allegory for a while. Spenser, on the other hand, to whom allegory was not, as I think, natural at all, makes us feel again and again that it disappoints and interrupts our preoccupation with the beautiful and sensuous life he has called up before our eyes. It interrupts us most when he copies Langland, and writes in what he believes to be a mood of edification, and the least when he is not quite serious, when he sets before us some procession like a court pageant made to celebrate a wedding or a crowning. One cannot think that he should have occupied himself with moral and religious questions at all. He should have been content to be, as Emerson thought Shakespeare was, a Master of the Revels to mankind. I am certain that he never gets that visionary

air which can alone make allegory real, except when he writes out of a feeling for glory and passion. He had no deep moral or religious life. He has never a line like Dante's 'Thy Will is our Peace,' or like Thomas à Kempis's 'The Holy Spirit has liberated me from a multitude of opinions,' or even like Hamlet's objection to the bare bodkin. He had been made a poet by what he had almost learnt to call his sins. If he had not felt it necessary to justify his art to some serious friend, or perhaps even to 'that rugged forehead,' he would have written all his life long, one thinks, of the loves of shepherdesses and shepherds, among whom there would have been perhaps the morals of the dovecot. One is persuaded that his morality is official and impersonal—a system of life which it was his duty to support—and it is perhaps a half understanding of this that has made so many generations believe that he was the first poet laureate, the first salaried moralist among the poets. His processions of deadly sins, and his houses, where the very cornices are arbitrary images of virtue, are an unconscious hypocrisy, an undelighted obedience to the 'rugged forehead,' for all the while he is thinking of nothing but lovers whose bodies are quivering with the memory or the hope of long embraces. When they are not

The poet
of the
delighted
senses.

together, he will indeed embroider emblems and images much as those great ladies of the courts of love embroidered them in their castles ; and when these are imagined out of a thirst for magnificence and not thought out in a mood of edification, they are beautiful enough ; but they are always tapestries for corridors that lead to lovers' meetings or for the walls of marriage chambers. He was not passionate, for the passionate feed their flame in wanderings and absences, when the whole being of the beloved, every little charm of body and of soul, is always present to the mind, filling it with heroical subtleties of desire. He is a poet of the delighted senses, and his song becomes most beautiful when he writes of those islands of Phædria and Acrasia, which angered 'that rugged forehead,' as it seems, but gave to Keats his 'Belle Dame sans Merci' and his 'perilous seas in Fairylands forlorn,' and to William Morris his 'waters of the wondrous Isle.'

v

The dramatists lived in a disorderly world, reproached by many, persecuted even, but following their imagination wherever it led them. Their imagination driven hither and thither by beauty and sympathy, put on something of the

nature of eternity. Their subject was always the soul, the whimsical, self-awakening, self-exciting, self-appeasing soul. They celebrated its heroi-
cal, passionate will going by its own path to immortal and invisible things. Spenser, on the
other hand, except among those smooth pastoral
scenes and lovely effeminate islands that have
made him a great poet, tried to be of his time,
or rather of the time that was all but at hand.
Like Sidney, whose charm it may be led many
into slavery, he persuaded himself that we enjoy
Virgil because of the virtues of Æneas, and so
planned out his immense poem that it would
set before the imagination of citizens, in whom
there would soon be no great energy, innume-
able blameless Æneases. He had learned to
put the State, which desires all the abundance
for itself, in the place of the Church, and he
found it possible to be moved by expedient
emotions, merely because they were expe-
dient, and to think serviceable thoughts with
no self-contempt. He loved his Queen a little
because she was the protectress of poets and an
image of that old Anglo-French nation that lay
a-dying, but a great deal because she was the
image of the State which had taken possession
of his conscience. She was over sixty years
old, and ugly and, it is thought, selfish, but in
his poetry she is 'fair Cynthia,' 'a crown of

Influence
of expedi-
ent emo-
tions.

In praise
of Eliza-
beth.

lilies,' 'the image of the heavens,' 'without mortal blemish,' and has 'an angelic face,' where 'the red rose' has 'meddled with the white'; 'Phœbus thrusts out his golden head' but to look upon her, and blushes to find himself outshone. She is 'a fourth Grace,' 'a queen of love,' 'a sacred saint,' and 'above all her sex that ever yet has been.' In the midst of his praise of his own sweetheart he stops to remember that Elizabeth is more beautiful, and an old man in 'Daphnaida,' although he has been brought to death's door by the death of a beautiful daughter, remembers that though his daughter 'seemed of angelic race,' she was yet but the primrose to the rose beside Elizabeth. Spenser had learned to look to the State not only as the rewarder of virtue but as the maker of right and wrong, and had begun to love and hate as it bid him. The thoughts that we find for ourselves are timid and a little secret, but those modern thoughts that we share with large numbers are confident and very insolent. We have little else to-day, and when we read our newspaper and take up its cry, above all its cry of hatred, we will not think very carefully, for we hear the marching feet. When Spenser wrote of Ireland he wrote as an official, and out of thoughts and emotions that had been organised by the State. He was the first of

many Englishmen to see nothing but what he ^{The king-}
was desired to see. Could he have gone ^{dom of}
there as a poet merely, he might have found ^{Faerie.}
among its poets more wonderful imaginations
than even those islands of Phædria and Acrasia.
He would have found among wandering story-
tellers not indeed his own power of rich, sustained
description, for that belongs to lettered ease,
but he would have found there, still unfaded, the
kingdom of Faerie, of which his own poetry was
often but an image in a broken mirror. He
would have found men doing by swift strokes
of the imagination much that he was doing with
painful intellect, with that imaginative reason
that soon was to drive out imagination altogether
and for a long time. He would have met with,—
at his own door, story-tellers among whom the
perfection of Greek art was indeed as unknown as
his own power of detailed description, but who,
none the less, imagined or remembered beautiful
incidents and strange, pathetic outcrying that
made them of Homer's lineage. Flaubert says
somewhere, 'There are things in Hugo, as in
Rabelais, that I could have mended, things badly
built, but then what thrusts of power beyond
the reach of conscious art.' Is not all history
but the coming of that conscious art which first
makes articulate and then destroys the old wild
energy? Spenser, the first poet struck with

The
kingdom
of shep-
herds.

remorse, the first poet who gave his heart to the State, saw nothing but disorder, where the mouths that have spoken all the fables of the poets had not yet become silent. All about him were shepherds and shepherdesses still living the life that made Theocritus and Virgil think of shepherd and poet as the one thing; but though he dreamed of Virgil's shepherds he wrote a book to advise, among many like things, the harrying of all that followed flocks upon the hills, and of all 'the wandering companies that keep the woods.' His 'View of the State of Ireland' commends indeed the beauty of the hills and woods where they did their shepherding, in that powerful and subtle language of his which I sometimes think more full of youthful energy than even the language of the great playwrights. He is 'sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any under heaven,' and that all would prosper but for those agitators, 'those wandering companies that keep the woods,' and he would rid it of them by a certain expeditious way. There should be four great garrisons. 'And those fowre garrisons issuing foorthe, at such convenient times as they shall have intelligence or espiall upon the enemye, will so drive him from one side to another and tennis him amongst them, that he shall finde nowhere safe to keepe his creete, or hide himselfe, but flying from

the fire shall fall into the water, and out of one daunger into another, that in short space his creete, which is his moste sustenance, shall be wasted in preying, or killed in driving, or starved for wante of pasture in the woodes, and he himselfe brought soe lowe, that he shall have no harte nor abilitie to indure his wretchednesse, the which will surely come to passe in very short space ; for one winters well following of him will so plucke him on his knees that he will never be able to stand up agayne.'

On the
people of
Ireland.

He could commend this expeditious way from personal knowledge, and could assure the Queen that the people of the country would soon 'consume themselves and devoure one another. The proofs whereof I saw sufficiently ensampled in these late warres of Mounster ; for notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentifull countrey, full of corne and cattell, that you would have thought they would have bene able to stand long, yet ere one yeare and a halfe they were brought to such wretchednesse, as that any stonye heart would have ruled the same. Out of every corner of the woodes and glynnnes they came creeping forth upon theyr hands, for theyr legges could not beare them ; they looked like anatomyes of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves ; they did eate of the dead carrions, happy were they if they could finde them,

**The Four
Masters
and their
record.**

yea, and one another soone after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of theyr graves; and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrokes, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue therewithall; that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentifull countrey suddaynely left voyde of man or beast; yet sure in all that warre, there perished not many by the sword, but all by the extremitie of famine.'

VI

In a few years the Four Masters were to write the history of that time, and they were to record the goodness or the badness of Irishman and Englishman with entire impartiality. They had seen friends and relatives persecuted, but they would write of that man's poisoning and this man's charities and of the fall of great houses, and hardly with any other emotion than a thought of the pitiableness of all life. Friend and enemy would be for them a part of the spectacle of the world. They remembered indeed those Anglo-French invaders who conquered for the sake of their own strong hand, and when they had conquered became a part of the life about them, singing its songs, when

they grew weary of their own Iseult and Guinevere. The Four Masters had not come to understand, as I think, despite famines and exterminations, that new invaders were among them who fought for an alien State, for an alien religion. Such ideas were difficult to them, for they belonged to the old individual, poetical life, and spoke a language even, in which it was all but impossible to think an abstract thought. They understood Spain, doubtless, which persecuted in the interests of religion, but I doubt if anybody in Ireland could have understood as yet that the Anglo-Saxon nation was beginning to persecute in the service of ideas it believed to be the foundation of the State. I doubt if anybody in Ireland saw that with certainty, till the Great Demagogue had come and turned the old house of the noble into 'the house of the Poor, the lonely house, the accursed house of Cromwell.' He came, another Cairbry Cat Head, with that great rabble, who had overthrown the pageantry of Church and Court, but who turned towards him faces full of the sadness and docility of their long servitude, and the old individual, poetical life went down, as it seems, for ever. He had studied Spenser's book and approved of it, as we know, finding, doubtless, his own head there, for Spenser, the last king of the old race, carried

**The Great
Dema-
gogue.**

Poetry
and when
to enjoy
it.

a mirror which showed kings yet to come though but kings of the mob. Those Bohemian poets of the theatres were wiser, for the States that touched them nearly were the States where Helen and Dido had sorrowed, and so their mirrors showed none but beautiful heroical heads. They wandered in the places that pale passion loves, and were happy, as one thinks, and troubled little about those marching and hoarse-throated thoughts that the State has in its pay. They knew that those marchers, with the dust of so many roads upon them, are very robust and have great and well-paid generals to write expedient despatches in sound prose; and they could hear mother earth singing among her cornfields :

* ' Weep not, my wanton ! smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.'

VII

✓ There are moments when one can read neither Milton nor Spenser, moments when one recollects nothing but that their flesh had partly been changed to stone, but there are other moments when one recollects nothing but those habits of emotion that made the lesser poet especially a man of an older, more imaginative time. One remembers that he

delighted in smooth pastoral places, because men could be busy there or gather together there, after their work, that he could love handiwork and the hum of voices. One remembers that he could still rejoice in the trees, not because they were images of loneliness and meditation, but because of their serviceableness. He could praise 'the builder oake,' 'the aspine, good for staves,' 'the cypresse funerall,' 'the eugh, obedient to the bender's will,' 'the birch for shaftes,' 'the sallow for the mill,' 'the mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,' 'the fruitful olive,' and 'the carver holme.' He was of a time before undelighted labour had made the business of men a desecration. He carries one's memory back to Virgil's and Chaucer's praise of trees, and to the sweet-sounding song made by the old Irish poet in their praise.

I got up from reading the 'Faerie Queen' the other day and wandered into another room. It was in a friend's house, and I came of a sudden to the ancient poetry and to our poetry side by side—an engraving of Claude's 'Mill' hung under an engraving of Turner's 'Temple of Jupiter.' Those dancing country people, those cow-herds, resting after the day's work, and that quiet mill-race made one think of Merry England with its glad Latin heart, of a time when men in every land found poetry

The
romance
of happy
labour.

Shelley
and
Spenser.

and imagination in one another's company and in the day's labour. Those stately goddesses, moving in slow procession towards that marble architrave among mysterious trees, belong to Shelley's thought, and to the religion of the wilderness—the only religion possible to poetry to-day. Certainly Colin Clout, the companionable shepherd, and Calidor, the courtly man-at-arms, are gone, and Alastor is wandering from lonely river to river finding happiness in nothing but in that star where Spenser too had imagined the fountain of perfect things. This new beauty, in losing so much, has indeed found a new loftiness, a something of religious exaltation that the old had not. It may be that those goddesses, moving with a majesty like a procession of the stars, mean something to the soul of man that those kindly women of the old poets did not mean, for all the fulness of their breasts and the joyous gravity of their eyes. Has not the wilderness been at all times a place of prophecy?

VIII

Our poetry, though it has been a deliberate bringing back of the Latin joy and the Latin love of beauty, has had to put off the old marching rhythms, that once delighted more than expedient hearts, in separating itself from a life

where servile hands have become powerful. It has ceased to have any burden for marching shoulders, since it learned ecstasy from Smart in his mad cell, and from Blake, who made joyous little songs out of almost unintelligible visions, and from Keats, [who sang of a beauty so wholly preoccupied with itself that its contemplation is a kind of lingering trance.] The poet, if he would not carry burdens that are not his and obey the orders of servile lips, must sit apart in contemplative indolence playing with fragile things. If one chooses at hazard a Spenserian stanza out of Shelley and compares it with any stanza by Spenser, one sees the change, though it would be still more clear if one had chosen one of Shelley's lyrics. I will take a stanza out of 'Laon and Cythna,' for that is story-telling and runs nearer to Spenser than the meditative 'Adonais':

'The meteor to its far morass returned:
 The beating of our veins one interval
 Made still; and then I felt the blood that burned
 Within her frame, mingle with mine, and fall
 Around my heart like fire; and over all
 A mist was spread, the sickness of a deep
 And speechless swoon of joy, as might befall
 Two disunited spirits when they leap
 In union from this earth's obscure and fading sleep.'

The rhythm is varied and troubled, and the lines,
 which are in Spenser like bars of gold thrown

Popular
poetry
and the
poetic
will.

ringing one upon another, are broken capriciously. Nor is the meaning the less an inspiration of indolent muses, for it wanders hither and thither at the beckoning of fancy. It is now busy with a meteor and now with throbbing blood that is fire, and with a mist that is a swoon and a sleep that is life. It is bound together by the vaguest suggestion, while Spenser's verse is always rushing on to some preordained thought. 'A popular poet' can still indeed write poetry of the will, just as factory girls wear the fashion of hat or dress the moneyed classes wore a year ago, but 'popular poetry' does not belong to the living imagination of the world. Old writers gave men four temperaments, and they gave the sanguineous temperament to men of active life, and it is precisely the sanguineous temperament that is fading out of poetry and most obviously out of what is most subtle and living in poetry—its pulse and breath, its rhythm. Because poetry belongs to that element in every race which is most strong, and therefore most individual, the poet is not stirred to imaginative activity by a life which is surrendering its freedom to ever new elaboration, organisation, mechanism. He has no longer a poetical will, and must be content to write out of those parts of himself which are too delicate and fiery for any deadening exercise. Every generation has more and

more loosened the rhythm, more and more broken up and disorganised, for the sake of subtlety or detail, those great rhythms which move, as it were, in masses of sound. Poetry has become more spiritual, for the soul is of all things the most delicately organised, but it has lost in weight and measure and in its power of telling long stories and of dealing with great and complicated events. 'Laon and Cythna,' though I think it rises sometimes into loftier air than the 'Faerie Queen,' and 'Endymion,' though its shepherds and wandering divinities have a stranger and more intense beauty than Spenser's, have need of too watchful and minute attention for such lengthy poems. In William Morris, indeed, one finds a music smooth and unexacting like that of the old story-tellers, but not their energetic pleasure, their rhythmical wills. One too often misses in his 'Earthly Paradise' the minute ecstasy of modern song without finding that old happy-go-lucky tune that had kept the story marching. Spenser's contemporaries, writing lyrics or plays full of lyrical moments, write a verse more delicately organised than his and crowd more meaning into a phrase than he, but they could not have kept one's attention through so long a poem. A friend who has a fine ear told me the other day that she had read all Spenser with delight and yet could

The spiritualism of poetry.

✓

Poetry
and 'the
happiness
that
comes out
of life.'

remember only four lines. When she repeated them they were from the poem by Matthew Roydon, which is bound up with Spenser because it is a commendation of Sir Philip Sidney :

' A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books.'

Yet if one were to put even these lines beside a fine modern song one would notice that they had a stronger and rougher energy, a feather-weight more, if eye and ear were fine enough to notice it, of the active will, of the happiness that comes out of life itself.

IX

I have put into this book only those passages from Spenser that I want to remember and carry about with me. I have not tried to select what people call characteristic passages, for that is, I think, the way to make a dull book. One never really knows anybody's taste but one's own, and if one likes anything sincerely one may be certain that there are other people made out of the same earth to like it too. I have taken out of the 'Shepherds Calender' only those parts which are about

love or about old age, and I have taken out of the 'Faerie Queen' passages about shepherds and lovers, and fauns and satyrs, and a few allegorical processions. I find that though I love symbolism, which is often the only fitting speech for some mystery of disembodied life, I am for the most part bored by allegory, which is made, as Blake says, 'by the daughters of memory,' and coldly, with no wizard frenzy. The processions I have chosen are either those, like the House of Mammon, that have enough ancient mythology, always an implicit symbolism, or, like the Cave of Despair, enough sheer passion to make one forget or forgive their allegory, or else they are, like that vision of Scudamour, so visionary, so full of a sort of ghostly midnight animation, that one is persuaded that they had some strange purpose and did truly appear in just that way to some mind worn out with war and trouble. The vision of Scudamour is, I sometimes think, the finest invention in Spenser. Until quite lately I knew nothing of Spenser but the parts I had read as a boy. I did not know that I had read so far as that vision, but year after year this thought would rise up before me coming from I knew not where. I would be alone perhaps in some old building, and I would think suddenly 'out of that door might come a procession of strange

The principle of selection.

The veil
of the
mysteri-
ous.

people doing mysterious things with tumult. They would walk over the stone floor, then suddenly vanish, and everything would become silent again.' Once I saw what is called, I think, a Board School continuation class play 'Hamlet.' There was no stage, but they walked in procession into the midst of a large room full of visitors and of their friends. While they were walking in, that thought came to me again from I knew not where. I was alone in a great church watching ghostly kings and queens setting out upon their unearthly business,

It was only last summer, when I read the Fourth Book of the 'Faerie Queen,' that I found I had been imagining over and over the enchanted persecution of Amoret.

I give too, in a section which I call 'Gardens of Delight,' the good gardens of Adonis and the bad gardens of Phædria and Acrasia, which are mythological and symbolical, but not allegorical, and show, more particularly those bad islands, his power of describing bodily happiness and bodily beauty at its greatest. He seemed always to feel through the eyes, imagining everything in pictures. Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander' is more energetic in its sensuality, more complicated in its intellectual energy than this languid story, which pictures always a happiness that would perish if the desire to which it

offers so many roses lost its indolence and its **Indolent**
softness. There is no passion in the pleasure **pleasure.**
he has set amid perilous seas, for he would have
us understand that there alone could the war-
worn and the sea-worn man find dateless leisure
and unrepining peace.



HAPPY AND UNHAPPY LOVE

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights
Do kindle love in high conceived sprights ;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Spright !
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see ;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' eternall fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

✓ Beginning then below, with th' easie view
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky ;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures aime ;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands ;
Then th' Aire still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands ;
And, last, that mightie shining christall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie it at last ascend ;
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heaven then fire, appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye
 On that bright, shynie, round, still-moving Masse,
 The house of blessed God, which men call Skye,
 All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,
 Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
 But those two most, which, ruling night and day,
 As King and Queene, the heavens Empire sway ;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
 That to their beautie may compared bee,
 Or can the sight that is most sharpe or keene
 Endure their Captains flaming head to see ?
 How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
 And so much fairer, and much more then these
 As these are fairer then the land and seas ?

For farre above these heavens, which here we see,
 Be others farre exceeding these in light,
 Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
 But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
 Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
 That need no Sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
 But their owne native light farre passing theirs.

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,
 Untill they come to their first Movers bound,
 That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
 And carrie all the rest with him around ;
 So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
 And rise more faire, till they at last arive
 To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place,
In full enjoyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Majestie ;
More faire is that, where those Ideas on hie
Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which doe raine
The soveraine Powres and mightie Potentates,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes and imperiall States ;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heavenly Dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light ;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest hey approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties joynd together were ;
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse ?

Cease then, my tongue ! and lend unto my mynd
 Leave to bethinke how great that beautie is,
 Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd ;
 How much more those essentiall parts of his,
 His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his bliss,
 His grace, his doome, his mercy, and his might,
 By which he lends us of himselfe a sight !

Those unto all he daily doth display,
 And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
 As in a looking-glasse, through which he may
 Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
 That are unable else to see his face,
 His glorious face ! which glistereth else so bright,
 That th' Angels selves can not endure his sight.

But we, fraile wights ! whose sight cannot sustaine
 The Suns bright beames when he on us doth shyne,
 But that their points rebutted backe againe
 Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
 The glory of that Majestie Divine,
 In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
 Compared to his least resplendent sparke ?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
 Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
 Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
 And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
 To reade enregistred in every nooke
 His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare ;
 For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To imp the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose dampes the soule do
 blynd,
And, like the native brood of Eagles kynd,
✓ On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestoole of his Majestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke up with cōrruptible eye
On the dred face of that great Deity,
For feare, lest if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the just wrath of his avengefull threate
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy ;
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
Under the rigour of his judgement just ;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright
That all above him sheddeth glorious light :

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
 Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
 That with his beames enlumineth the darke
 And dampish aire, whereby al things are red ;
 Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
 Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
 The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
 Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
 More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
 Through which to God all mortall actions here,
 And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare ;
 For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
 Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
 His throne is all encompassed around,
 And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
 Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound ;
 And underneath his feet are to be found
 Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
 The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
 The soveraine dearling of the Deity,
 Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
 For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
 And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
 Adorn'd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
 And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soveraignty ;
And in her hand a sceptor she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe ;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high beheast,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell ;
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admyred it,
Having purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill ;
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this beauty soverayne.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
 Or that sweete Teian Poet, which did spend
 His plenteous vaine in setting forth her prayse,
 Seene but a glims of this which I pretend,
 How wondrously would he her face commend,
 Above that Idole of his fayning thought,
 That all the world shold with his rimes be fraught !

How then dare I, the novice of his Art,
 Presume to picture so divine a wight,
 Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
 Whose beautie filles the heavens with her light,
 And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight ?
 Ah, gentle Muse ! thou art too weake and faint
 The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold
 And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
 And those most sacred mysteries unfold
 Of that faire love of mightie heavens King ;
 Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,
 And, being thus with her huge love possest,
 In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But who so may, thrise happie man him hold,
 Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,
 And lets his owne Beloved to behold ;
 For in the view of her celestiall face
 All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place ;
 Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
 Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
✓ Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that fills the brasen sky ;
And feele such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely think on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine ;
✓ But all that earst seemed sweet seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst noe seemes to paine :
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see ;
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe which useth to enflame
 The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre,
 Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame ;
 And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre
 By name of honor and so much desyre,
 Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
 And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
 And senses fraught with such satietie,
 That in nought else on earth they can delight,
 But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
 Which they have written in theyr inward ey ;
 On which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd
 All happie joy and full contentment fynd.

Ah then my hungry Soule ! which long hast fed
 On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
 And with false beauties flattring bait misled,
 Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
 Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
 But late repentance through thy follies prief ;
 Ah ! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief :

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light,
 From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs,
 That kindleth love in every godly spright,
 Even the love of God ; which loathing brings
 Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things ;
 With whose sweet pleasure being so possest,
 Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

THE MUSE COMPLAINS OF THE POETS
THAT SING OF LIGHT LOVE

LOVE wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the devicefull matter of my song ;
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests ;
From thence infused into mortall brests.

Such high conceipt of that celestiaall fire,
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot gesse,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But ryme at riot, and doo rage in love ;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytheree, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maist go pack ;
For lo ! thy kingdom is defaced quight,
Thy sceptre rent, and power put to wrack ;
And thy gay Sonne, that wingéd God of Love,
May now go prune his plumes like ruffled Dove.

POEMS IN HONOUR OF CUPID

IN youth, before I waxed old,
The blynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyve to grope for honny :
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head :
One of his shafts she stole away.
And one of hers did close convey
Into the others stead :
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

I saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And sayd to her ; ' All hayle, my mother !'
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
' Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.'

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mothers lap ;
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
And saw the beast so small ;
' Whats this (quoth he) that gives so great a voyce
That wakens men withall ?'
In angry wize he flyes about,
And threatens all with corage stout.

To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
' Twixt earnest and twixt game :
' See ! thou thyselfe likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same.

And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
Nor men in earth, to rest :
But when thou art disposéd cruelly,
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly.'

Nathelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue ;
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The Bee him stung therefore :
'Now out alas, he cryde, and wel-away !
I wounded am full sore :
The Fly, that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.'

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his grieve complayned :
Who could not chose but laugh at his fond game,
Though sad to see him pained.
'Think nôw (quod she) my sonne, how great the smart
Of those whom thou dost wound :
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found :
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of lovers make.'

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock :
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.

She drest his wound, and it embaulmed wel
With salve of soveraigne might :
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis ?

The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
Of that his malady :
But he, soone after, fresh againe enured
His former cruelty.
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
With his sharpe dart of love :
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
His mothers heast to prove.
So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

EPITHALAMION

YE learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in theyr praise ;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment :
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside

And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound ;
Ne let the same of any be envide :
So Orpheus did for his owne bride !
So I unto my selfe alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spread,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake ; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove ;
Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo ! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight :
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your Eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare :
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,



AND LET THEM ALSO BRING IN HAND
ANOTHER GAY GIRLAND FOR MY FAYRE LOVE
OF LILLIES AND OF ROSES BOUND TRUE LOVE WIZE



For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strait ;
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your Eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed ;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell ;)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take ;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre ;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from comming neer ;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your Eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake ! for it is time ;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme ;
And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark ! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft ;
The Thrush replyes ; the Mavis descant playes :
The Ouzell shrills ; the Ruddock warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah ! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The deawy leaves among !
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr Eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight :
But first come ye fayre houres, which were begot,
In Joves sweet paradise of Day and Night ;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre :
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride :

And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene ;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your Eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come :
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt :
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves ; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good array,
Fit for so joyfull day :
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshynny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse ;
But let this day, let this one day, be myne ;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr Eccho ring.

Harke ! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,

And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite ;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout ;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud ;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr Eccho ring.

Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre ;
And, being crownéd with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your Eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before ;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues store ?
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath
 rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncruddled,
Her paps lyke lylies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre ;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your Eccho
 ring ?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusa's mazeful hed.

There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty ;
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,

The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will ;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your Eccho ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view ;
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make ;
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and theyr Eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,

And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimsin dyde in grayne :
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band !
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your Eccho ring.

Now al is done : bring home the bride againe ;
Bring home the triumph of our victory :
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day ;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine ;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best :

The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr Eccho
ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day :
This day is holy ; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare :
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day ;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your Eccho ring.

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love ?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend ?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move ?
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westernne fome :
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.

Fayre childe of beauty ! glorious lampe of love !
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guydest lovers through the nights sad dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr Eccho ring !

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights fore-past ;
Enough it is that all the day was youre :
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay ;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odour'd sheetes, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility !
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
'Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing :
The woods no more shall answere, nor your Eccho ring.

Now welcome, night ! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye :

Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see ;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy ;
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray :
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome :
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr Eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without :
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights ;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not :
Let not the shrieck Oule nor the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels ;
Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard :
Ne let th' unpleasant Quayre of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.

Let none of these theyr drery accents sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr Eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne ;
The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.

Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will !
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day :
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing ;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes ?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright ?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night ?
O ! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy :
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.

Therefore to us be favorable now ;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed :
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing ;
Ne let the woods us answere, nor our Eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno ! which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize ;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize ;
And eeke for comfort often calléd art
Of women in their smart ;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius ! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine ;
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny ;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe ! and thou, Hymen free !
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing ;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light ;

And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
 More then we men can fayne !
 Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
 And happy influence upon us raine,
 That we may raise a large posterity,
 Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
 With lasting happinesse,
 Up to your haughty pallaces may mount ;
 And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
 Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
 So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing :
 The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring !

*Song ! made in lieu of many ornaments,
 With which my love should duly have been dect,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
 But promist both to recompens ;
 Be unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endlesse moniment.*

THE FAERIE QUEEN

ENCHANTED TREES

*The Witch Duessa and the Red Cross Knight sit down
 under the shadow of certain trees. One of the Trees begins
 to speak to them.*

LONG time they thus together traveiled ;
 Til, weary of their way, they came at last
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast ;

And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round :
The fearfulle shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastily got :
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide ;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

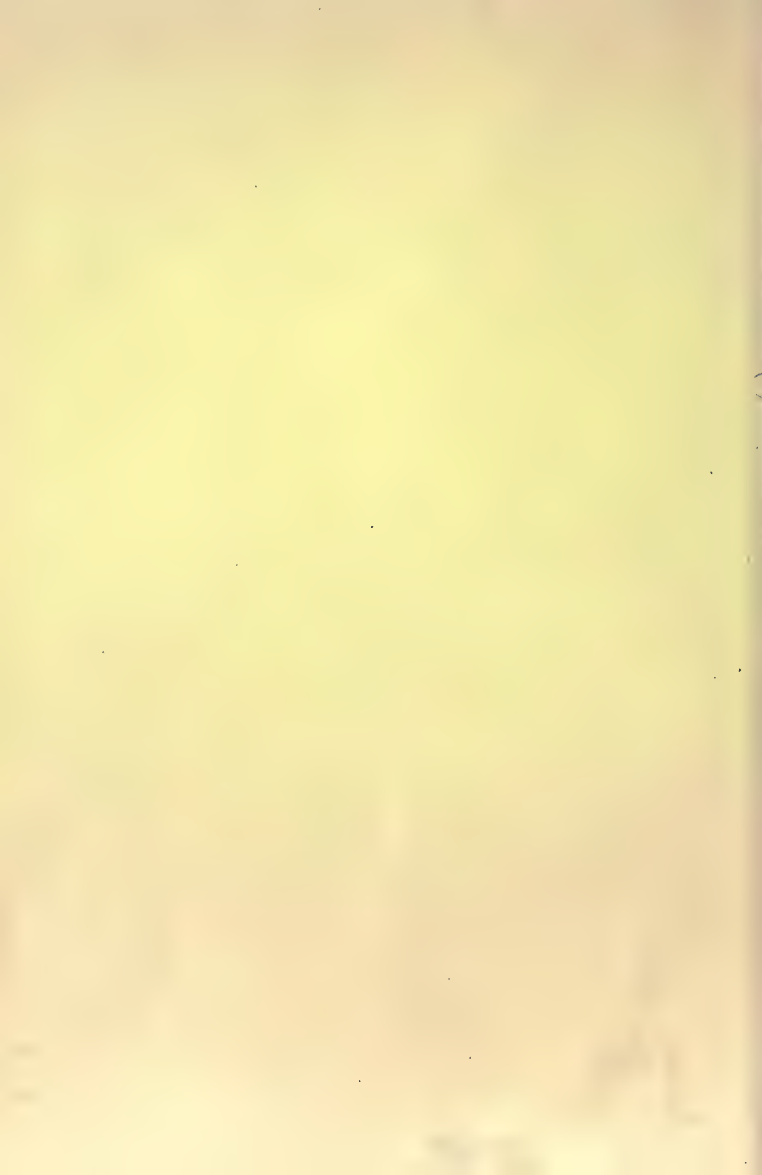
Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit ;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit ;
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit :
And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough ; out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, 'O ! spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard ;
But fly, ah ! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap that happened to me heare,



AN IRISH KING

AND THINKING OF THESE BRANCHES GREENE TO FRAME
 A GIRLOND FOR HER DAINTY FOREHEAD FIT... HE
 PLVCKT A BOUGH OVT OF WHOSE RIFTE THERE CAME
 SMAL DROPS OF GORY BLOOD THAT TRICKLED DOWN THE SAME



And to this wretched Lady, my deare love ;
O, too deare love, love bought with death too deare !'
Astond he stood, and up his haire did hove ;
And with that sudden horror could no member move.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake :
'What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to
spare ?'

Then, groning deep ; 'Nor damned Ghost,' (quoth
he,)
'Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake ;
But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree ;
Wretched man, wretched tree ! whose nature weake
A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines ;
For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat me paines.'

'Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,'
Quoth then the Knight ; 'by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ?
He oft finds med'cine who his grieve imparts,

But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppress.'
'The author then,' (said he) 'of all my smarts,
Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath broght to wretched-
nesse.

'In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of love, and joy of chevalree,
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To love this gentle Lady, whome ye see
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree ;
With whome, as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his syde ;
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

'Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other Dames to have exceeded farre :
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre.
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare : such is the dye of warre.
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

'So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede :

A Rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreeede.
Frælissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

‘The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right she cast to win by guile ;
And by her hellish science raisd streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
Dimméd her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :
Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

‘Then cride she out, “ Fye, fye ! deforméd wight,
“ Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
“ To have before bewitchéd all mens sight :
“ O ! leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.”
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her ; but with faigné paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold :
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

‘Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same ;
Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their crime,)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,

Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme :
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

‘ Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see ;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleewe to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie :
For danger great, if not assurd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

‘ The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiv’d my thought ; and, drownd in sleepe night,
With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereavéd quight :
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight ;
Where now, enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste.’

‘ But how long time,’ said then the Elfin knight,
‘ Are you in this misformed hous to dwell ?’
‘ We may not chaunge,’ (quoth he,) ‘ this evill plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well :
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.’
‘ O ! how,’ sayd he, ‘ mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well ?’
‘ Time and suffised fates to former kynd
Shall us restore ; none else from hence may us un-
bynd.’

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound :
Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare her fownd.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew ;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan lift : with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

Bk. I., Can. xxviii.-xlv.

THE SAD STORY OF FLORIMELL AND MARINELL

*Britomart, the woman knight, after lamenting for
a while over her unhappy love, fights with the knight
Marinell and overthrows him.*

THERE she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old Squyre unlace her lofty creast :
Tho having vewd awhile the surges hore

That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restrynd;
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

‘Thou God of windes, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the Continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent.
Then, when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table, for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace and my great jeoparddee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!’

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy grieve
For her great courage would not let her weepe,
Till that old Glaucè gan with sharpe reprieve
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven enrold.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde.
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight

Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light :
Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path :
Love and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heven, and the cleare ayre engroste,
The world in darkenes dwels ; till that at last
The watry Southwinde, from the seabord coste
Upblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'ste,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre :
So the fayre Britomart, having disclo'ste
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of grieve dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battaill did her selfe prepayre.
The knight, approching, sternely her bespake :
'Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take,
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.'

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus : 'Fly they, that need to fly ;
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
To passe, but maugre thee will passe or dy.'
Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply,

But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly knowne.
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her
crown.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puisaunce,
That, through his three-square scuchin percing quite
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce.
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce ;
Till, sadly soucing on the sandy shore,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the sacred Oxe that carelesse stands,
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddeinly, with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres that decked him afore :
So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond ; which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,

And all the gravell mixt with golden owre :
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despised all ; for all was in her powre.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare :
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoënt,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin ; who, on a day
Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chaunce did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She, of his father, Marinell did name ;
And in a rocky cave, as wight forlorne,
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne :
For never man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to travell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battail with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made
That through all Faerie lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade :
And to advaunce his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
T' endow her sonne with treasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The God did graunt his daughters deare de-
maund,
To doen his Nephew in all riches flow ;
Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge threasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth, which he from them did
keepe.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world ; that it did pas
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian
kings :
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings ;
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or else wheare.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many Deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might :
The which his mother seeing gan to feare
Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life.
Forthy she oft him counseld to forbear
The bloody batteill and to stirre up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife.

And, for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell :
Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well,
For of a woman he should have much ill ;
A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay or kill.

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine ;
A lesson too too hard for living clay
From love in course of nature to refraine.
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre Ladies love did fly ;
Yet many Ladies fayre did oft complaine,
That they for love of him would algaes dy :
Dy, who so list for him, he was loves enemy.

But ah ! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate ?
That, when he sleepes in most security
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late ;
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.
His mother bad him wemens love to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme
So, weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

This was that woman, this that deadly wownd,
That Proteus prophecide should him dismay ;
The which his mother vainely did expownd
To be hart-wownding love, which should assay

To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
So ticle be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who, through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.
Which when his mother deare did understand,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forheads fayr to
shade ;

Eftesoones both flowres and girlonds far away
Shee flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent ;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment :
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne ;
And every one did teare her girlond from her
crowne.

Soone as shee up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, shee bad her charett to be brought ;
And all her sisters that with her did sitt
Bad eke attonce their charetts to be sought :
Tho, full of bitter grieve and pensife thought,

She to her wagon clombe ; clombe all the rest,
And forth together went with sorow fraught.
The waves, obedient to theyr beheast,
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

Great Neptune stooode amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,
And eke him selfe mournd at their mournful plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment ; yet did,
For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee :
Eftesoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly Monsters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

A teme of Dolphins raungéd in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt :
They were all taught by Triton to obay
To the long raynes of her commaundement :
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,
That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare,
Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent.
The rest, of other fishes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the Rich Strond, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate sore
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd :
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowéd they fownd
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd.

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
 Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine :
 Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime,
 Shee should not then have bene relyv'd againe ;
 But, soone as life recovered had the raine,
 Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
 That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refraine ;
 And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
 Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

‘Deare image of my selfe,’ (she sayd) ‘that is
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 Is this thine high advancement ? O ! is this
 Th’ immortall name, with which thee, yet unborne,
 Thy Grandsire Nereus promist to adorne ?
 Now lyst thou of life and honor refte ;
 Now lyst thou a lumpe of earth forlorne ;
 Ne of thy late life memory is lefte,
 Ne can thy irrevocable desteny bee wefte.

‘Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis !
 And they more fond that credit to thee give !
 Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,
 That so deepe wound through these deare members
 drive.

I feared love ; but they that love doe live,
 But they that dye doe nether love nor hate :
 Nath’lesse to thee thy folly I forgive ;
 And to my selfe, and to accursed fate,
 The guilt I doe ascribe : deare wisdom bought too
 late !

‘O ! what availes it of immortall seed
To beene ybredd and never borne to dye ?
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed
Then waste in woe and wayfull misery :
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth aby ;
But who that lives is lefte to waile his losse :
So life is losse, and death felicity :
Sad life worse than glad death ; and greater crosse
To see frends grave, than dead the grave self to
engrosse.

‘ But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
That the dim eies of my deare Marinell
I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt——
Yett, maulgre them, farewell, my sweetest sweet !
Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall
meet !’

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his griesly wownd :
And, that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarmd ; and, spreading on the grownd
Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver rownd,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th’ orifice ; which having well upbownd,
They poured in souveraine balme and Nectar good,
Good both for erthly med’cine and for heavenly
food.

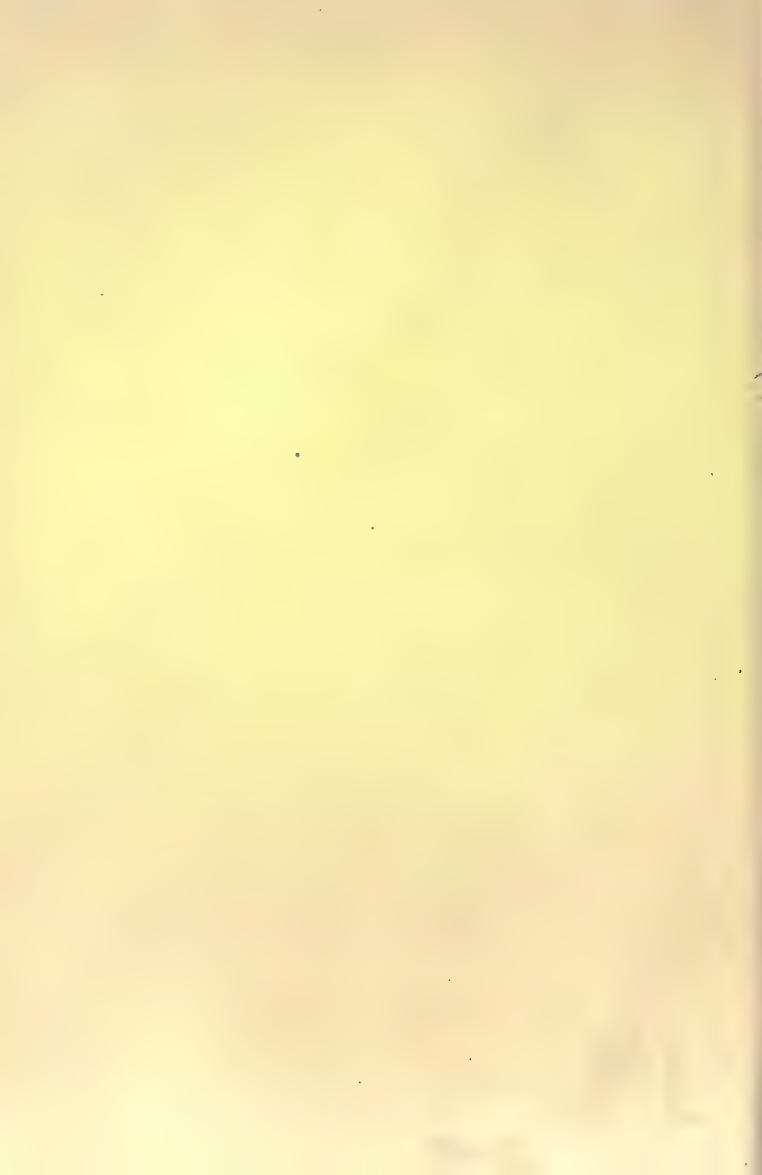
Tho when the lilly handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Apolloes lore,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
With heavenly seed, whereof wise Pæon sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staied still
Some litle life his feeble sprites emong ;
Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her
flong.

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
They easely unto her charett beare :
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare.
Then all the rest into their coches clim ;
And through the brackish waves their passage
sheare ;
Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
And vaulted all within, like to the Skye,
In which the Gods doe dwell eternally ;
There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might ;
For Tryphon of sea gods the souveraine leach is hight.



THERE THEY HIM LAID IN EASY COUCH WELL DIGHT:



Florimell, who loves Marinell, has set out to look for him, but falls into the hands of a wicked fisherman, who attempts to assault her. She is rescued by Proteus.

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptunes mighty heard ;
An aged sire with head all frore hore,
And sprinckled frost upon his dewy beard :
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,
His charett swifte in hast he thither steard,
Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bownd
Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him arownd.

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
That went at will withouten card or sayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
Into his hart attonce : streight did he hayle
The greedy villain from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very litle fayle,
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dismay.

The whiles the pitteous Lady up did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes :
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save her selfe from that outrageous spoyle ;
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shright.

Her selfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare :
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spye
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare :
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

But he endeavored with speeches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himselfe ; and who he was her told :
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld ;
For her faint hart was with the frosen cold
Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her sences with abashment quite were quayld.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest :
Yet he him selfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought ;
And out of that same fishers filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault :
Then tooke he him, yet trembling sith of late,

And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin whom he had abusde so sore ;
So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull state,
And after cast him up upon the shore ;
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rave
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene
Had long while labouréd it to engrave :
There was his wonne ; ne living wight was seene
Save one old Nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe it cleane.

Thither ne brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might,
And Panopè her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight :
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooéd her,
And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight ;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest ;
But evermore she him refuséd flat,
And all his fainéd kindnes did detest,

So firmly she had sealéd up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a God he hight,
But she a mortall creature lovéd best :
Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight ;
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faery knight.

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he drest,
For every shape on him he could endew ;
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew :
But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threatés her often did assayle ;
So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle,

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe transforme ;
Now like a Gyaunt ; now like to a feend ;
Then like a Centaure ; then like to a storme
Raging within the waves : thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wishéd eend ;
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
He els could doe, he saw him selfe esteemd,
Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefé
Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love :
Dye had she rather in tormenting grieve
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.

Most vertuous virgin ! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with Saintes above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes
exceed.

*Marinell is healed of his wound by the Nymph his
mother, who is wise in herbs and salves.*

But ah for pittie ! that I have thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne :
Now well-away ! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne ;
From which, unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee ;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That Virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw :
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
Did neede to gard from force, or secret theft

Of all her lovers which would her have reft :
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft ;
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dredd that never viewéd day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway,
Old Styx the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night that did no houres divide.

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despysd (ah ! who would her despyse ?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those joyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse ;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use. But when as nought,
She saw, could ease his rankling maladie,

At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the seagods surgeon hight,) Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that Leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe :
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall :
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

It fortun'd then a solemne feast was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousals which then were
Betwist the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooéd to his bed,
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led ;
Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made ;
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which the mightie Ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim or brookes do wade ;

All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to upreare,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet, besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phœbus kinde ;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the stars on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote that these, which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity :
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodocè ;
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

*Neptune bids Proteus let Florimell out of her prison,
when she and Marinell are brought together. The book
tells us no more than that they lived happily thereafter.*

O ! what an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky :

For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posterity :
So fertile be the fouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their
nation.

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred,
For that the seas by her are most augmented :
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red.
Then, blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of rivers, yet unred ;
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore ;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodocè,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall Gods to bancket come ;

But walkt abroad, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home :
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disaventrous case.

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclosd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone :
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine :

' Though vaine, I see, my sorrowes to unfold,
And count my cares when none is nigh to heare,
Yet, hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare :
For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight ;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight ;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

' Yet loe ! the seas, I see, by often beating
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares ;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,

Is hardned more with my abundant teares :
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

‘And when my weary ghost, with grieve outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest.’
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart opprest ;
And, after she had wept and wail’d a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.

‘Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me, woefull thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long :
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov’d, or love him selfe alone.

‘But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare love beloved be :
And if he should through pride your doome undo,

Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me ;
One prison fittest is to hold us two.
So had I rather to be thrall then free ;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

'But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free !
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me.
So ever loose, so ever happy be !
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee.'
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of
her smart.

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare ;
That even for grieve of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse : but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

That whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus sonne, that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide

Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride :
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge.
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge :
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine :
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine ;
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know :
But all in vaine, for-why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below ;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow :
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere,
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

At last, when as no meanes he could invent,
Backe to him selfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment ;
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame

To damne him selfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despisde so chaste and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife,
Yet had refusde a God that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost him selfe he wist not where ;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe,
And still bemoaning her unworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde, whose calfe is false unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort :
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort.
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way,
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence, far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched love lay day and night

For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight :
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight ;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyned, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone did
weepe.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight :
His cheeke-bones raw, and eie pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knownen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stirre or move.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene ;
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine ;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend :
To see an helplesse evill double grieve doth lend.

Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,

That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled under th' orifis :
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was, which in his hart lay unrevealed.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient ;
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured ;

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discerne :
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale ; who still her answered, there was
nought.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide ;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo, King of Leaches, brought.

Apollo came ; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind ;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve ;
And, comming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chyde at him that made her misbelieve :
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did mieve ;
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.

Now lesse she fearéd that same fatall read,
That warnéd him of womens love beware,
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For love of Nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, what ever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine.
So he her told : but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,

That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him, that is love denyd ;
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe,
Nor unto any meaner to complaine ;
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Majestie
To graunt to her her sonne's life, which his foe,
A cruell Tyrant, had presumptuouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.

To whom God Neptune, softly smyling, thus :
' Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us ;
For death t' adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole Soveraine.
Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
And for what cause ; the truth discover plaine,
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though
rightly nought.'

To whom she answer'd : ' Then, it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die ;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie :

And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie
It to replevie, and my sonne reprive.
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.'

He graunted it : and streight his warrant made,
Under the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commaunding Proteus straight t' enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankefulnesse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall ;
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell :
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excell ;
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad.

Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,

And feeble spirit inly felt refection :
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feelles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy ;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she maskéd it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected :
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

COURTIERS AND GREAT MEN

GOOD AND BAD COURTIERS

The Ape and the Fox having come to Court, they meet there with Good and Bad Courtiers.

YET the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous
thought

Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envie or despite :
He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie ;
But heares and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best.
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie ;
But not with kisséd hand belowe the knee,
As that same Apish crue is wont to doo :
For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie ;
And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
The canker worme of everie gentle brest ;

The which to banish with faire exercise
 Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise :
 Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
 Now practising the prooffe of warlike deedes,
 Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
 Now the nigh ayméd ring away to beare.
 At other times he casts to sew the chace
 Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
 T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most
 needfull)

Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
 Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,
 And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
 Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
 A vaine ensample of the Persian pride ;
 Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
 Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
 Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
 Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight
 Of Musicks skill revives his toyled spright ;
 Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
 The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts ;
 Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
 His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes :
 Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light !
 With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
 Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall course,
 Of forreine lands, of people different,
 Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernment,
 Of dreadfull battailes of renowned Knights ;
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights

To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme :
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposis,
And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praise :
For he is fit to use in all assayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and civill governaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his Courting most applie :
To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th' intent of Counsells, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men sometime,
Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile ;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
Which through wise speaches and grave conference,

He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.

Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde,
But unto such the Ape lent not his minde :
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would descrie his lewd conditions ;
But the young lustie gallants he did chose
To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,

With all the thriftles games that may be found ;
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unfit,
With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize :
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
A Pandares coate (so basely was he borne).
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah ! for shame,
Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
Is virtue to advaunce, and vice deride,
Ne with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses Poetrie be named !
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon ;
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure.

To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies and unsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire,
That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke
scorne

The Sectaries thereof, as people base
 And simple men, which never came in place
 Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd,
 Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,
 Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
 But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
 From them he would his impudent lewde speach
 Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,
 And mocke Divines and their profession.
 What else then did he by progression,
 But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe?
 But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?

THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER

IT is not long, since these two eyes beheld
 A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
 Whom England high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace ;
 Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosom of his Soveraine,
 And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

‘ I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
 Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare ;
 I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare :
 Scarse anie left to close his eylids neare ;
 Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie
 The sacred sod, or Requiem to saie.

‘O! trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your selves half happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing ;
And, when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow.

‘All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That everie shower will wash and wipe away ;
All things doo change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decaie :
Therefore, what ever man bearest worldlie sway,
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie ;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

‘He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid :
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
And evill men, now dead, his deeds upbraid :
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

‘He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse upon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought :
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet seekes him to revive,
Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.’

THE MUSE LAMENTS THAT THERE ARE
NO GREAT MEN TO SING OF

THEY, all corrupted through the rust of time
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie
Of th' old Heroës memorizde anew ;
Ne doo they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew,
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd ?
What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd ;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake ?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excell,
If none should yeeld him his deservéd meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well ?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodnes of his owne freewill.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to deifie :
Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to heaven,
And Charlemaine amongst the Starris seaven.

THE MUSE LAMENTS THAT THERE ARE
NO MORE GREAT POETS

WHILOM in ages past none might professe
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill ;
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill :
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
And made the noursling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintayne,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie ;
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kesars and of Kings.

EMBLEMS AND QUALITIES

THE HOUSE OF DESPAIR

*The Red Cross Knight and Una his Beloved meet
with a despairing Knight who leads them to the House
of Despair.*

SO as they traveild, lo ! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd :
Als flew his steed as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

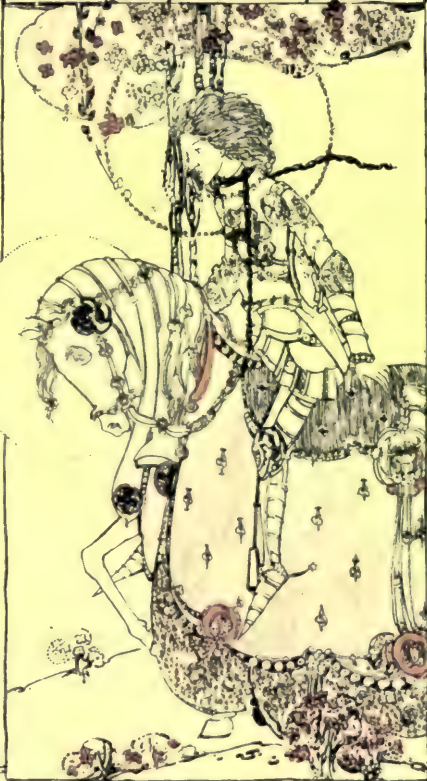
Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread :
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe ; and, to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree ;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd.
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd ;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might :
' Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight ?
For never knight I saw in such misseeming
 plight.'

He answerd nought at all ; but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
The gentle knight ; who nought to him replyde ;
But, trembling every joynt, did inly quake,
And foltring tongue, at last, these words seemd forth
 to shake :

' For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not stay ;
For loe ! he comes, he comes fast after mee.'
Eft looking back would faine have runne away ;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie :
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood frozen hart emboldened bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach ;
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein
 breach.

...THE HOUSE OF DESPAIR...



ABOUT HIS NECK A HEMPEN ROPE HE WEARES
THAT WITH HIS GLITTERING ARMES DOES ILL AGREE

'And am I now in safetie sure,' (quoth he)
'From him that would have forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?'
'Fear nought,' (quoth he) 'no daunger now is nye.'
'Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,'
(Said he) 'the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.'

'I lately chaunst (Would I had never chaunst !)
With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affayres, and was both bold and free ;
But not so happy as mote happy bee :
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree ;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament :

'From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen, (God from him me blesse !)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyle are,
A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre :
Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare :
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

'Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Emboast with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which love had launchéd with his deadly darts,
With wounding words, and termes of foule reprieve,

He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
That earst us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

‘With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath:
But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
Ne yet assur’d of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare;
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare!’

‘How may a man,’ (said he) ‘with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?’
‘I wote,’ (quoth he) ‘whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
His subtile tong like dropping honny mealt’h
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine.’

‘Certes,’ (sayd he) ‘hence shall I never rest;
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde;
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.’
‘I, that hight Trevisan,’ (quoth he) ‘will ryde
Against my liking backe to doe you grace:

But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face.'

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
For underneath a craggy cliff ypyght,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave :
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and
howle.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare ;
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind :
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dyne.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts ;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the villein sayd ; ‘ Thou damned wight,
The authour of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in
sight ? ’

‘ What franticke fit,’ (quoth he) ‘ hath thus dis-
traught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give ?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye who merites not to live ?
None els to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his dew to give ?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath ?

'Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours
good;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast!
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the
flood?

'He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave,
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
please.'

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd; 'The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine bed.'
'Who life did limit by almightie doome,'
(Quoth he) 'knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning
droome.'

'Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die againe? All ends that was begonne :
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certein date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence,
nor why.

'The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin ;
The greater sin, the greater punishment :
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent ;
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent ?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

'Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may ;
For what hath life that may it lovéd make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to quake,
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife ;
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loath-
some life.

‘Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest
need,

If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state ;
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
More luckless dissaventures did amate :
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call ;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

‘Why then doest thou, O man of sin ! desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree ?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath to burden thee ?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe defild ?

‘Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heven, and beares an equall eie ?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie ?
Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die ;
Die shall all flesh ? What then must needs be
donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne ?
Death is the end of woes : die soone, O faeries
sonne !’

The knight was much enmowed with his speach,
That as a swords poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes ;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes ;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the Miscreant
Perceived him to waver, weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile ;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.
Then gan the villein him to overcrow,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw ;
And bad him choose what death he would desire ;
For death was dew to him that had provokt Gods ire.

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand : his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,

And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne : but, soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it on the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said ; ' Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight !
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife ?
Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and
bright ?

' Come ; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright :
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part ?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art ?
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater
grace, .
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, sir Knight ; arise, and leave this cursed
place.'

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,

And with it hong him selfe, unbid, unblest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby ;
 For thousand times he so him selfe had drest,
 Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

THE HOUSE OF RICHESSE

*Mammon leads the Knight Guyon to the Gates of Pluto
 and to the House of Richesse.*

AT last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from
 heavens light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
 Of griesly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight ;
 His face with smoke was tand, and eies were beard,
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes
 appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold ;
 Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appearéd to have beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
 Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery ;
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent ;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulcibers devouring element ;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great Ingowes and to wedges square
Some in round plates withouten moniment ;
But most were stampd, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge and
rare.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand that trembled as one terrifyde ;
And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restrynd, and to him doubtfull sayd :

‘ What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce ? ’
Thereat, with staring eyes fixéd askaunce,
In great disdaine he answerd : ‘ Hardy Elfe,
That darest view my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious
pelfe.

'God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye :
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

'Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy commaund lo ! all these mountaines bee :
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free.'
'Mammon,' (said he) 'thy godheads vaunt is
vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee ;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

'Me ill befits, that in der-doing armes
And honours suit my vowéd daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend ;
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend :
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my
delight ;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.'

‘Vaine glorious Elfe,’ (saide he) ‘doest not thou weet,

That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Sheilds, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet,

It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raignd into his rowme thrust downe,
And whom I lust do heape with glory and renowne?’

‘All otherwise’ (saide he) ‘I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preserv’d with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them grieve and heavinesse:
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

‘Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline:
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood poud oft on ground,
The crowned often slaine, the slayer croud;
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe goréd with many a wound,
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:
So mak’st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull government.

'Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
The private state, and make the life unsweet :
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.'
Then Mammon waxing wroth ; ' And why then,' sayd,
'Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
And having not complaine, and having it upbrayd ?'

'Indeede,' (quoth he) 'through fowle intemperaunce,
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise ;
But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares impeach our native joyes.
At the well-head the purest streames arise ;
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.

'The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace ;
But with glad thanks, and unreprieved truth,
The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace :
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace ;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

'Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he fownd

Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd ;
Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.'

'Sonne,' (said he then) 'lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that liv'd therin in state forlorne :
Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage ;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse :
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse.'

'Me list not' (said the Elfin knight) 'receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott ;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blott.'
'Perdy,' (quoth he) 'yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not ;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew
From hevens sight, and powre of al which them
poursew.'

'What secret place' (quoth he) 'can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie ?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery ?'
'Come thou,' (quoth he) 'and see.' So by and by

Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow grownd,
And was with dread and horror compassed arownd.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itself into an ample playne ;
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne.
By that wayes side there sate internall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife :
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife ;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threten life.

On thother side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate ;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight ;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him might :
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings ;
And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings ;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte
Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto them nought ;
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought :
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the House of Richesse from hell-mouth
divide.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard :
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next ;
For next to death is Sleepe to be compard ;
Therefore his house is unto his annex :
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and Hel-gate them both
betwext.

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open and afforded way :
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,
Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vout the ragged breaches hong
Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spread her subtile nett,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black
then Jett.

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light:
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
Or as the Moone, cloathed with cloudy night,
Does show to him that walkes in feare and sad
affright

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong :
On every side they placed were along ;
But all the grownd with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong ;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

They forward passe ; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world arōwnd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said ;
' Loe ! here the worldes blis : loe ! here the end,
To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made :
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.'

' Certes,' (sayd he) ' I n'll thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend :
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.

To them that list these base regards I lend ;
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile
 slave.'

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie pray ;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay ;
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee save from such decay !
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had beene taught.
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred founaces all burning bright :
By every founace many feendes did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight ;
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

One with great bellows gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame ;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcan rage to tame,

Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat :
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came ;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great ;
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight ; for till that day
They never creature saw that cam that way :
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retyre ;
Till that him thus bespake their souveraine Lord and
syre ;

‘ Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That living eye before did never see.
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
Proceeded, lo ! now is reveald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good :
Now, thèrefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Avisè thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.’

‘ Suffise it then, thou Money God,’ (quoth hee)
‘ That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have : what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use ?
With such vaine shews thy worldlinges vyle abuse ;

But give me leave to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise ;
And thence him forward ledd him further to entise.

He brought him, through a darksom narrow strayt,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold :
The gate was open ; but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would :
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call :
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne ;
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
Like an huge Gyant of the Titans race ;
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface :
More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his
place.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight ;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,

Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight ;
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fiers Carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde,
As if some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare.
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne ;
And every pillour deckéd was full deare
With crownes, and Diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall Princes wore whiles they on earth did
rayne.

A route of people there assembled were, /
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preacéd to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advauncéd hye
A stately siege of soveraine majesty ;
And thereon satt a woman, gorgeous gay
And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly Prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see :
Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfettéd shew,

Thereby more lovers unto her to call :
Nath'lesse most hevenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall ;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime
withall.

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell ;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell :
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward ;
Some by close shouldring ; some by flatteree ;
Others through friendes ; others for base regard,
And all by wrong waies for themselves prepar'd :
Those that were up themselves kept others low ;
Those that were low themselves held others hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow ;
But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre ?
Him Mammon answered ; ' That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is :

Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
For which ye men doe strive ; few gett, but many mis :

‘ And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
But that this darksom neather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity ;
Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust :
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee advance for works and merits just.’

‘ Gramercy, Mammon,’ (said the gentle knight)
‘ For so great grace and offred high estate ;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate :
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And love avowd to other Lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might :
To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike
knight.’

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath ;
Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be redd :
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery toombe.

There mournfull Cypresse grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad ;
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore ;
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad ;
Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Atheniens made to dy-
Wise Socrates ; who, thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life and last Philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest Belamy !

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight ;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick Arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat :
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold ;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold ;
For those which Hercules, with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold ;
And those with which th' Eubœan young man wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit :
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,

The which emongst the gods false Até threw ;
For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Trojans made to bleed.

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound ;
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round.
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
And looking downe saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprightes,
That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrighthes,
They made the further shore resounden wide.
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
That drenchéd lay full deepe under the Garden side.

Deepe was he drenchéd to the upmost chin,
Yet gapéd still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he wadéd in ;
And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke ;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,

Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swincke ;
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth,
He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby ?
Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him againe ;
' Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
Lo ! Tantalus, I here tormented lye :
Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted bee ;
Lo ! here I now for want of food doe dye :
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to mee !'

' Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,' (quoth he)
' Abide the fortune of thy present fate ;
And unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state.'
Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate ;
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
As author of injustice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a little further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
Within the river, which the same did hyde ;
But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye ;
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

The knight him calling asked who he was?
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
'I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, alas!
And most unjust; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous:
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle iniquity.'

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: 'Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?'

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt:
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceivéd his deceptfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray,
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his pray.

And now he has so long remainéd theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,

That none without the same endure can :
 For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprize began :
 Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
 Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constraynd t' obay ;
 For lenger time then that no living wight
 Below the earth might suffred be to stay :
 So backe againe him brought to living light.
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
 Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
 As overcome with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE

*Scudamore and Britomart, the woman knight, come
 to a strange castle where Britomart has a vision of
 unhappy love.*

THERE they dismounting drew their weapons
 bold,
 And stoutly came unto the Castle gate,
 Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
 Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late ;
 But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
 A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke
 And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate
 And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to beare ;
For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare :
And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd :
'What monstrous enmity provoke we heare ?
Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
Batteill against the Gods, so we a God invade.

'Daunger without discretion to attempt
Inglorious, beastlike is : therefore, Sir knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how he with our foe may come to fight.'
'This is' (quoth he) 'the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd : for neither may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away ;
So mighty be th' enchauntments which the same do stay.

'What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse paines,
And leave me to my former languishing ?
Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing.'
'Perdy not so,' (saide shee) 'for shameful thing
Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce
For shewe of perill, without venturing :
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce.

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her swords point directing forward right
Assayld the flame ; the which eftesoones gave place,

And did it selfe divide with equall space,
That through she passed, as a thonder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt ;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire,
And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way :
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst, (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,
And backe retire, all scorcht and pittifully brent.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pas
Then for the burning torment which he felt ;
That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras
Did beat and bounse his head and brest ful sore :
The whiles the Championesse now entred has
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore ;
The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store :

For round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silke, so close and nere
That the rich metall lurked privily,
As faining to be hidd from envious eye ;
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares

It shewd it selfe and shone unwillingly ;
Like a discolour'd Snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back
declares.

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate ;
And all of love, and al of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat :
And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,
And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the Gods to make his empire great ;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kesars into thraldome brought.

Therein was writt how often thondring Jove
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did rove
In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding smart ;
Now, like a Ram, faire Helle to pervart,
Now, like a Bull, Europa to withdraw :
Ah ! how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' obay her servaunts law.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme
There was an Altar built of pretious stone
Of passing valew and of great renowme,
On which there stood an Image all alone
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone ;
And winges it had with sondry colours dight,

More sondry colours then the proud Pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discoloured bow she spreads through hevens
hight.

Blyndfold he was ; and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at random, when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold ;
(Ah man ! beware how thou those dartes behold.)
A wounded Dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous taylor his lefte foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this bee :
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazd,
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses dazd.

Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye
To search each secrete of that goodly sted,
Over the dore thus written she did spye,
Bee bold : she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what sence it figured :
But what so were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

Much fayrer then the former was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd ;
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies playd
In the rich metall as they living were.
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false love doth oft upon him weare ;
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft
 appeare.

And all about the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes.
There swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques
 rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victors might and mercillesse intent.

The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,
Did greatly wonder ; ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space :
But more she mervaild that no footings trace
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptinesse
And solemne silence over all that place :
Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with careful-
 nesse.

And, as she lookt about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and every where, *Be bold* ;
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold ; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare.
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare ;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
And her wel-pointed wepons did about her dresse.

Tho, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory :
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowd,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt ;

A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt ;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

All suddeinly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore ;
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
Of some Theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke Stage.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say ;
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passionéd :
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And, passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd still standing all this vewd,
And merveild at his straunge intendiment.
With that a joyous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent ;
All which together song full chearefully

A lay of loves delight with sweet concent :
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enrangéd orderly.

The whiles a most delitious harmony
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble sences wholly did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd :
And, when it ceast, shrill trompets lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound ;
And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

The first was Fansy, like a lovely Boy
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable ether to that ympe of Troy,
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to beare ;
Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that, when as he dyde,
He wailéd womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wyde
He filld with Hylas name ; the Nymphes eke Hylas
cryde.

His garment nether was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight :
As those same plumes so seemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare :
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and theare.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other Swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,
And gave him being, commune to them twayne :
His garment was disguyséd very vayne,
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry :
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone theylife conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguise,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albanesè-wyse :
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrink he did avyse ;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunck when hard thereon
he lay.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in raggéd weed
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made ;
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horror to deforme his griesly shade :
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was ; this Mischiefe, that Mishap :
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap ;
For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving too or froe ;
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy

Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold :
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold :
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinckled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire ;
For she was gentle and of milde aspéct,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire :
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire,
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce ;
And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenance :
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce,

Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he stil did peep as forward he did
pace.

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere ;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then seeming sad :
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drierihed ;
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare :
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there ;
As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce ;
She chearfull, fresh, and full of joyaunce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad ;
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee :
An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in hers an hony-laden Bee.
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two grysie Villeins, th' one Despight,
The other clepéd Cruelty by name :
She, dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight ;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight ;
And a wide bound therein (O ruefull sight !)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd :
And those two villeins, which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her, the winged God him selfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe
That man and beast with powre imperious

Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous.
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde ;
Which seene, he much rejoycéd in his cruell minde.

Of which ful prowde, him selfe up rearing hye
He lookéd round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survey his goodly company ;
And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his coulour'd wingés twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make :
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame ;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde :
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame ;
Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and unkinde ;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde :
Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did scould ;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold :
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confuséd rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read :
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout ;
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead ;
Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead ;
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyalty ;
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance ; faint Infirmary ;
Vile Poverty ; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well ;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in hell :
All which disguizéd marcht in masking wise
About the chamber by the Damozell ;
And then returnéd, having marchéd thrise,
Into the inner rowme from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it opened, and bore all away.
Then the brave Maid, which al this while was plast
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewéd forth, and went unto the dore
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast :
It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

Where force might not availe, there sleights and art
She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprise :
Forthy from that same rowme not to depart
Till morrow next shee did her selfe avize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
The morrowe next appeard with joyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize :
Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
Out of her secret stand that day for to outweare.

All that day she outwore in wandering
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment,

Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent :
Then, when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Nether of ydle showes, nor of false charmes aghast.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
Shee cast her eies to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without :
But lo ! they streight were vanisht all and some ;
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
Save that same woefull Lady, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
Upon a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art :
With living blood he those characters wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixéd with a cruell dart ;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah ! who can love the worker of her smart ?
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart
remove.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface ;
And, fiercely running to that Lady trew,
A murtherous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villeinous despight,

In her tormented bodie to embrew :
But the stout Damzell, to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maisteréd his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And, turning to herselfe, his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead : next stroke him should have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abstaine
From doing him to dy : For else her paine
Should be remedillesse ; sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee ;
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see :

And to him said : ' Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischief and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed ;
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state :
This doe, and live, els dye undoubtedly.'
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong his date :

And, rising up, gan streight to over-looke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse.
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horroure gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire locks up staréd stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse ;
And, all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about :
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout :
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd ;
And every part to safety full sownd,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord.
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be unbownd
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
Saying ; ' Ah noble knight ! what worthy meede
Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed ?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,

Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde.'

But Britomart, uprearing her from grownd,
Said : ' Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene,
For many labours more then I have found,
This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene.
Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene ;
Insted thereof, know that your loving Make
Hath no lesse grieve endured for your gentle sake.'

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all living wightes she lovéd best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest.
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arayd,
Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd ;
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd
Thence forth descending to that perlous porch
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd
And quenched quite like a consuméd torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

More easie issew now then entrance late
She found ; for now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.
Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame
To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

But when the Victoresse arrived there
Where late she left the pensife Scudamore
With her own trusty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore :
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore ;
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyled, was fild with new affright.

But he, sad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne ;
And therefore gan advize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire :
Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe respire.

THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP

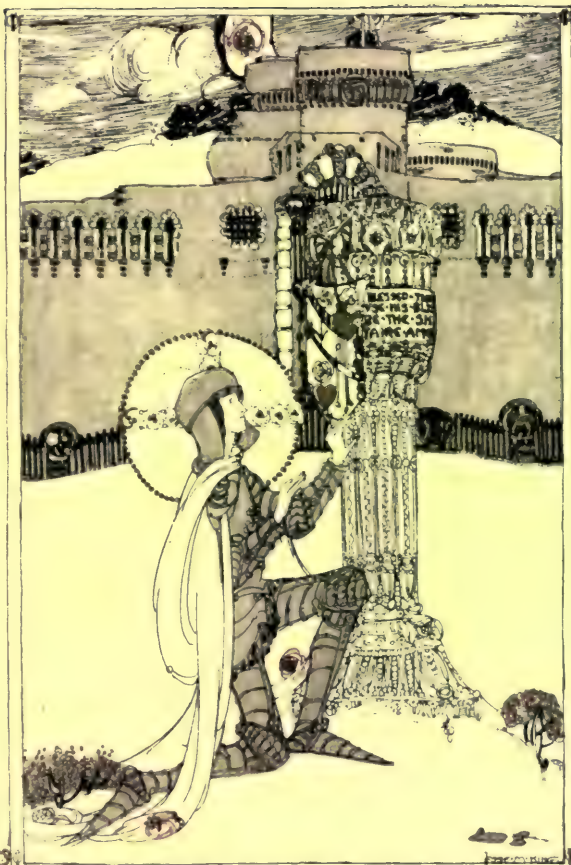
Scudamore goes to the Temple of Venus and takes from it the shield of Love and Amoret his Beloved.

LONG were to tell the travell and long toile
Through which this shield of love I late
have wonne,

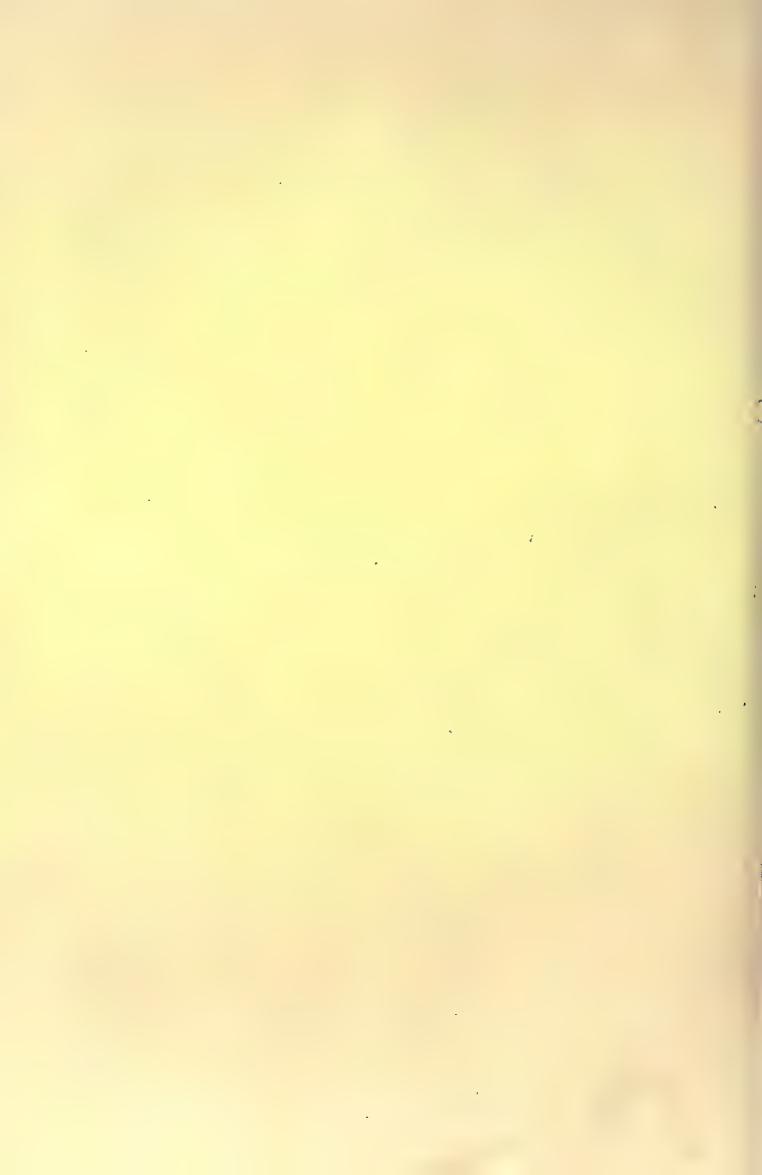
And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne :
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne ;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

‘What time the fame of this renowned prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest,
I, having armes then taken, gan avise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot ; sith all by lot we hold.

‘So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came ;
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renownéd through exceeding fame,
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with yvory spilt.



AND IN THE MIDST THEREOF A PILLAR PLACED
 ON WHICH THIS SHIELD OF MANY SOUGHT IN VAIN
 THE SHIELD OF LOVE WHOSE GVERDON ME HATH GRACED
 WAS HANGED ON HIGH WITH GOLDEN RIBBANDS LACED



‘ And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall’d by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
With curious Corbes and pendants graven faire,
And, archéd all with porches, did arize
On stately pillours fram’d after the Doricke guize.

‘ And for defence thereof on th’ other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong
That wardéd all which in or out did wend,
And flanckéd both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong :
And therein wonnéd twenty valiant Knights,
All twenty tride in warres experience long ;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights.

‘ Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed ;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced ;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced ;
Blesséd the man that well can use his blis :
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

‘ Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap :
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,

That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap :
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

' Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould ;
But I them both with equall hap defeated.
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon the plaine :
Then, preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield with me did it retaine.

So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges utter gate I came ;
The which I found sure lockt and chainéd fast.
I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name ;
I cald, but no man aunswred to my clame :
Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

' That was to weet the Porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent :
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,
Therein resembling Janus auncient

Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare :
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare.

‘ On th’ one side he, on th’ other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate that none her might espy ;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly :
Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might againe ;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.

‘ Me, when as he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide.
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate :
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the treasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

‘ But by no meanes my way I would forslow
For ought that ever she could doe or say ;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,

That like on earth no where I reckon may :
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the work-
mans will.

'Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate.
The same to all stooode alwaies open wide ;
But in the Porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

'His name was Daunger, dreaded over-all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward :
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard ;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

'Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide ;
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

‘But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv’d him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in, or drive him out.
Eftsoones, advauncing that enchaunted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about :
Which when he saw, the glaive which he did wield
He gan forthwith t’avale, and way unto me yield.

‘So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For feare of harme that might lie hidden there ;
And loe ! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed fearefull, ugly were,
Then all his former parts did earst appere :
For hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
With many moe lay in ambushment there,
Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

‘Thus having past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that Islands space ;
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfull place
That ever troden was of footings trace :
For all that nature by her mother-wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there ; and all that nature did omit,
Art, playing second natures part, supplied it.

‘No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From lowest Juniper to Ceder tall,
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,

But there was planted, or grew naturall :
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall ;
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

‘ In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem’d a second paradise to ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with Natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th’ Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return’d againe to bee,
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free.

‘ Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray ;
Faure lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew ;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did
play ;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew ;
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew ;
Low looking dales, disloignd from common gaze ;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew ;
False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze ;
All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.

‘ And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
With divers trees enrang’d in even rankes ;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes :

And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praying their god, and yeelding him great thanks,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

‘ All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content.
But, farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers linckéd in true harts consent,
Which lovéd not as these for like intent,
But on chast vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud or faynéd blandishment ;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore aspire.

‘ Such were great Hercules and Hyllus deare,
Trew Jonathan and David trustie tryde,
Stout Theseus and Pirithous his feare,
Pylades and Orestes by his syde ;
Myld Titus and Gesippus without pryde ;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever ;
All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever ;
Whose lives although decay’d, yet loves decayed never.

‘ Which when as I, that never tasted blis
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven then this ;
And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
That being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankely there their loves desire possesse ;
Whilest I, through paines and perlous jeoparddie,

Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronnesse :
Much dearer be the things which come through hard
distresse.

‘ Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Where as my love was lodgéd day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of love the mother,
There worshippéd of every living wight ;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

‘ Not that same famous Temple of Diane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree :
Nor that which that wise King of Jurie framed
With endlesse cost to be th’ Almightyes see ;
Nor all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

‘ I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht which open stood ;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem’d to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew’d great womanhood :
Strange was her tyre ; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone ; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full’low adowne.

On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another ;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other :
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate.
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother ;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

'Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to joyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

'Concord she cleepéd was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew ;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she her selfe likewise divinely grew ;
The which right well her workes divine did shew ;
For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
And strife and warre and anger does subdew :
Of litle much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

'By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands ;

Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

‘By her I entring half dismayéd was ;
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and Love did let me pas ;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speach
Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned ;
And th’ other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

‘Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I found
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The roofe up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay ;
And all the ground was strow’d with flowres as fresh
as May.

‘An hundred Altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vowes entire :

And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
To bath in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damzell hight ;
For all the Priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

‘ Right in the midst the Goddess selfe did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was uneath to understand :
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was ;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme ;
But, being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

‘ But it in shape and beautie did excell
All other Idoles which the heathen adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
Did fall in love : yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore ;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast
combyned.

‘ The cause why she was covered with a vele
Was hard to know, for that her Priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour’d to concele :
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame ;

But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name :
She syre and mother is her selfe alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

‘ And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew ;
Whose shapes seem’d not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother ; he enjoys
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

‘ And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest someone, through Loves constrayning
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill ;

“ Great Venus ! Queene of beautie and of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place ;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie ;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,

The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and al the world shews joyous
cheare.

“ Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres ;
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours ;
First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

“ Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food :
The Lyons rore ; the Tygres loudly bray ;
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
To come where thou doest draw them with desire.
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

“ So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre ;
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre :
Thou art the root of all that joyous is :
Great God of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welspring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse ! ”

'So did he say : but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold ! with happy eye
I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hye.

'The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest ;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obeyed all the best.
Her name was Womanhood ; that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse :
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon, after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

'And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare :
And her against sweet Cherefulesse was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

'And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart ;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part ;

And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both linckt together never to dispart ;
Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

‘ Thus sate they all around in seemely rate :
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen stray’d ;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world itselfe bewray’d :
That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues grace.

‘ Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb
And wade in doubt what best were to be donne ;
For sacrilege me seem’d the Church to rob,
And folly seem’d to leave the thing undonne
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare
Which Ladies love, I heard, had never wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour’d up to reare.

‘ Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over bold ;
Saying, it was to Knight unseemely shame
Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold.

To whom I thus : " Nay, but it fitteth best
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold,
For ill your goddesse services are drest
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest."

' With that my shield I forth to her did show,
Which all that while I closely had conceald ;
On which when Cupid, with his killing bow
And cruell shafts, emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more : but I, which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand, engaged held,
Like warie Hynd within the weedie soyle,
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

' And evermore upon the Goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence ;
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence ;
And nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

' She often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles ; but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe :
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe :
But that same ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

‘No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of Beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure :
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure :
Thus safely with my love I thence did wend.’
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

MUTABILITIE

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things
doth sway,
But that therby doth find, and plainly feele,
How MUTABILITY in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay ?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare
Gainst all the Gods, and th’ empire sought from them
to beare.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and lineage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery Land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive

With Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment ;
Whom though high Jove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive :

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority :
As Hecat  , in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principalitie,
To be by her disposed diversly
To Gods and men, as she them list divide ;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her
pride.

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine ;
That as a Goddesses men might her admire,
And heavenly honors yield, as to them twaine :
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine ;
Where shee such prooffe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdued)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst :
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite ; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Justice, and of Policie ;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie :
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of MUTABILITY,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, instead of life, have suckéd from our
Nurse !

And now, when all the earth she thus had
brought
To her behest, and thralléd to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly storie ;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Time,) she entred, were he liefé or sory ;
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other
white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around
That duly her attended day and night ;
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend ;
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And joy to weary wandring travailers did lend :

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heavens substance, and up-held
With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight,
She gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t' envie her that in such glory raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace, and to her selfe to have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her
wained.

Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne ;
For she her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone ;
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,
Or unto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to th' infernall Powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule she deemed most con-
digne.

But she, that had to her that soveraigne seat
By highest Jove assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare ;
But with sterne count'naunce and disdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back ;
And, boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heavens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare,
But boldly preacing-on raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire ;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand :
Where-at the starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

Mean-while the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite ;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight ;
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night ;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to plaine.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Joves faire palace fixt in heavens hight ;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might

To know what meant that suddaine lacke of light.
The father of the Gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course forslowe ;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe ;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

The wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came where-as the Titanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat ;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse :
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Jove her dooings to discharge.

And there-with-all he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid :
Where-at the Titanesse did sternly lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in evill hower
He from his Jove such message to her brought,

To bid her leave faire Cynthia's silver bower ;
Sith shee his Jove and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia's selfe ; but all their kingdoms
sought.

The Heavens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord ; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placéd in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregate :
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Jove ; who, changing nought his count'nance
bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold ;

' Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly Powers !
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed,
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite ;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitful earth, which doth us yet despite.

' Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke our selves from heavens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire.
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise

What way is best to drive her to retire,
Whether by open force, or counsell wise :
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best as ye can devise.'

So having said, he ceast ; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest Powers of heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake,
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise.
Mean-while th' Earths daughter, thogh she nought
did reck
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold
emprize.

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd ; that whil'st the Gods
(After returne of Hermes Embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods,
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend.
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Joves high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot. Good on-set boads good
end.

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass ;
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose :

But Jove, all fearlesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his souveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrific.

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake:
'Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now
make?
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to forsake?'

She, halfe confuséd with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund:
'I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos child;
But by the fathers, (be it not envide),
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven
exil'd.

'For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unjust
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:

Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might,
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld.
Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have
teld !'

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods, that gave good
eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the Goddesses in place,)
Stood all astonied ; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres :
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till, having pauz'd awhile, Jove thus bespake :
' Will never mortall thoughts cease to aspire
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to make,
And touch celestiall seats with earthly mire ?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine.

' But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th' heritage of this our skie ;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,

And thunder-drive to hell ?' With that, he shooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

But when he lookéd on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven beare)
He staid his hand ; and, having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began :
' But ah ! if Gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he can.

' But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,
Through some vaine error, or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seene ;
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men (dismaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe :
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to
showe.

' But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse ;
Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right :
For we by conquest, of our souveraine might,
And by eternal doome of Fates decree,

Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright ;
Which to our selves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

‘Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish gerle ;
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell :
There to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Soveraine.’
So having said, she thus to him replide :
‘Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t’ allure me to thy side,
For to betray my Right before I have it tride.

‘But thee, O Jove ! no equall Judge I deeme
Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right ;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme :
But to the highest him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.’
There-at Jove waxed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale ;
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her Appellation seale.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their Titles and best Rights :
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (Who knowes not Arlo-hill ?)
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
Of my old father MOLE, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and Knights,
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights ;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
(Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill
That was in all this holy Islands hights)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill :
Meane-while, O Clio ! lend Calliope thy quill.

Whylome when IRELAND florished in fame
Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)
Oft to restore there-to, when seem'd them best,
But none of all there-in more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is souveraine Queene profest
Of woods and forests which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on
ground :

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
Or for to shrowde in shade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe
Or from high hilles or from the dales belowe,
She chose this Arlo ; where she did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and
sport.

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that
hight
Molanna ; daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be :
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee ;
Yet, as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous
showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes :
So through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
(That on each side her silver channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes she doth
drowne.

In her sweet streames Diana used oft
(After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)
To bathe her selfe ; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may ;
For much she hated sight of living eye.
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in privity.

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire :
So her with flattering words he first assaid ;
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaide,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured, and betrayd
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

There-to he promist, if shee would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better ;
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well :
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

The simple mayd did yield to him anone ;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring ; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Jove a likely pray.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest ;

But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought : A foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed !
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

The Goddesses, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke ;
And, running straight where-as she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought ;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as some wicked beast unware
That breakes into her Dayr' house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine,
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrappéd him, and caught into her traine ;
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind.

So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile :
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall ;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile :
Yet he (poore soule !) with patience all did beare ;

For nought against their wils might countervaille :
Ne ought he said, what ever he did heare,
But, hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him ; but that same would spill
The Wood-gods breed, which must for ever live :
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe ; but that seem'd penaunce light :
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in Deares skin to clad ; and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe save how
hee might.

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome jest ;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid ?
He, much affeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chast
With all their hounds that after him did speed ;
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any Deere, so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have brast ;
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud re-eccho to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were ;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
Her whelm'd with stones. Yet Faunus (for her paine)
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed :
So now her waves passe through a pleasant Plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she her selfe do wed,
And (both combin'd) themselves in one faire river
spred.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke,
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke :
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid ;
And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke
The richest champain that may else be rid ;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand Salmons
bred.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thence-forth she left ; and, parting from the place,
There-on an heavy haplesse curse did lay ;
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,
Should harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,
And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast around :
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound :
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have
found.

Ah! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring,
And my fraile spirit, (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
(Thy souveraine Sire) his fortunate successe;
And victory in bigger notes to sing
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of heavens Empire sought to dispossesse?

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my feeble brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

And thither also came all other creatures,
What-ever life or motion do retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features,
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe,

So full they filléd every hill and Plaine ;
 And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)
 Them well disposed by his busie paine,
 And raungéd farre abroad in every border,
 They would have causéd much confusion and disorder.

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame
 Nature

With goodly port and gracious Majesty,
 Being far greater and more tall of stature
 Then any of the gods or Powers on hie :
 Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
 Whether she man or woman inly were,
 That could not any creature well descry ;
 For with a veile, that wimpled every where,
 Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

That, some do say, was so by skill devized,
 To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
 From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized ;
 For that her face did like a Lion shew,
 That eye of wight could not indure to view :
 But others tell that it so beautious was,
 And round about such beames of splendor threw,
 That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
 Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

That well may seemen true ; for well I weene,
 That this same day when she on Arlo sat,
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
 That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that :

As those three sacred Saints, though else most wise,
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgot,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a fayre Plaine upon an equall Hill
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion;
But th' Earth herselfe, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe
For homage unto her, and like a throne did showe.

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright,
The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)
In his *Foules Parley* durst not with it mel,
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kinde* describ'd it well:
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

And all the earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the Nymphes from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw;
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire ;
And his high head, that seemeth alwayes hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girland now did tire,
As if the love of some new Nymph, late seene,
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene :
Ah, gentle Mole ! such joyance hath thee well beseene.

Was never so great joyance since the day
That all the gods waylome assembled were
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there ;
Where Phœbus selfe, that god of Poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were ravisht with delight
Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous might.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great nature ever young, yet full of eld ;
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted ;
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld ;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have teld,
Before her came dame Mutability ;
And, being lowe before her presence feld
With mock obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea with words to amplifie :

‘To thee, O greatest Goddesse, onely great !
An humble suppliant loe ! I lowely fly,
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat,
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,

Damning all Wrong and tortious Injurie,
Which any of thy creatures do to other
(Oppressing them with power unequally,)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother.

‘To thee therefore of this same Jove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raig,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven it selfe by heritage in Fee :
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme ;
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

‘Then weigh, O soveraigne goddesse ! by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole soverainty,
And that is onely dew unto thy might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously :
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Jove usurpes unjustly, that to be
My heritage Jove’s selfe cannot denie,
From my great Grandsire Titan unto mee
Deriv’d by dew descent ; as is well knowne to thee.

‘Yet mauger Jove, and all his gods beside,
I do possesse the worlds most regiment ;
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinn nt.
And, first, the Earth (great mothe. of us all)

That only seemes unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutabilitie not thrall,
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall :

‘ For all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
How-ever faire it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay ; and, being dead,
To turne againe unto their earthly slime :
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize,
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise :
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

‘ As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts ;
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all :
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

‘ Ne is the water in more constant case,
Whether those same on high, or these belowe ;
For th' Ocean moveth still from place to place,
And every River still doth ebbe and flowe ;
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe ;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great Hills, and streight like sluces them
unfold.

' So likewise are all watry living wights
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abiding in their stedfast plights :
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie :
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry ;
But fitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

' Next is the Ayre ; which who feeles not by
sense

(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life ? O weake life ! that does leane
On thing so fickle as th' unsteady ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth, fowle or faire :
The faire doth it prolong ; the fowle doth it impaire.

' Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce ;
Now boyling hot, streight friezing deadly cold ;
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce ;
Streight bitter stormes, and balefull countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake :
Rayne, haile, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes
make.

'Last is the fire ; which, though it live for ever,
 Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
 We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
 To lose their heat and shortly to decay ;
 So makes himself his owne consuming pray :
 Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
 But all that are of others bredd doth slay ;
 And with their death his cruell life dooth feed ;
 Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

'Thus all these fower (the which the ground-work
 bee
 Of all the world and of all living wights)
 To thousand sorts of Change we subject see :
 Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)
 Into themselves, and lose their native mights ;
 The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water sheere,
 And Water into Earth ; yet Water fights
 With Fire, and Ayre with Earth, approaching neere :
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

'So in them all raignes Mutabilitie ;
 How-ever these, that Gods themselves do call
 Of them do claime the rule and soverainty ;
 As Vesta, of the fire æthereall ;
 Vulcan, of this with us so usuall ;
 Ops, of the earth ; and Juno, of the ayre ;
 Neptune, of seas ; and Nymphes, of Rivers all :
 For all those Rivers to me subject are,
 And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my
 share.

‘Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O Goddesse! to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold;
As times and seasons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or judge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all.’
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

So forth issew’d the Seasons of the yeare.
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth Paramours)
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which, as he had chaufféd been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he joyéd in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore

Had by the belly oft him pinchéd sore :
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore ;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had
yold.

Lastly, came Winter cloathéd all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill.
In his right hand a tippéd staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayéd still ;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his looséd limbes he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went ;
And after them the Monthes all riding came.
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And arméd strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam ;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowéd as he went,
And fild her wombe with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds :
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds :
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,

And garnishéd with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth ; and wet he seem'd in
sight
With waves, through which he waded for his loves
delight.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around :
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda ; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraigne Queene :
Lord ! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene !
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

And after her came jolly June, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were ;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare.
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face ;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest
grace.

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away.
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay :

It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array.
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground ;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found :
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ;
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven
extold.

Next him September marchéd, eeke on foote,
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle :
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
He held a knife-hook ; and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

Then came October full of merry glee ;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick and so full of lust :



THE SIXTH WAS AVGVST BEING RICH ARRAY'D
 IN GARMENT ALL OF GOLD DOWN TO THE GROVND
 YET RODE HE NOT BVT LED A LOVELY MAID
 FORTH BY THE LILY HAND THE WHICH WAS CROWN'D
 WITH EARS OF CORN AND FULL HER HAND WAS FOWN'D

Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom unjust
Slew great Orion ; and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

Next was November ; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme ;
For he had been a fattening hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem :
In planting eeke he took no small delight.
Whereon he rode not easie was to deeme ;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December :
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Idæan mayd ;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old January, wrappéd well
In many weeds to keep the cold away ;
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may ;
For they were numbd with holding all the day

An hatchet keene, with which he felléd wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray :
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the
Romane Flood.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away : yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew places
found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pase,
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white ;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight ;
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace :
But Day did beare upon his scepters hight
The goodly Sun encompass all with beames bright.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Jove
And timely Night ; the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love ;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed

By mighty Jove ; who did them porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death ;
Death with most grim and griesly visage scene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath ;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene :
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse :
' Lo ! mighty mother, now be judge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raign and bear the greatest sway ;
For who sees not that Time on all doth pray ?
But Times do change and move continually :
So nothing heere long standeth in one stay :
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability ?'

Then thus gan Jove : ' Right true it is, that these
And all things else that under heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all disseise
Of being : But who is it (to me tell)
That Time himselfe doth move, and still compell

To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
To them we gods do rule, and in them also thee.'

To whom thus Mutability: 'The things
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd
Ye may attribute to your selves as Kings,
And say, they by your secret powre are made:
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might and ordered by your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee
Your selves are likewise chang'd, and subject unto
mee?

'And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much ye make
Joves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry formes partake,
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now browne and
gray;
So that "as changefull as the Moone" men use to say.

'Next Mercury; who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone.
So Venus eeke, that goodly Paragone,

Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day :
And Phœbus selfe, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipséd by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

‘ Now Mars, that valiant man, is changéd most ;
For he sometimes so far runnes out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And cleane without his usuall spheere to fare ;
That even these Star-gazers stonisht are
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes :
So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes.
So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.

‘ But you, Dan Jove, that only constant are,
And King of all the rest, as ye doe clame,
Are you not subject eeke to this misfare ?
Then, let me aske you this withouten blame ;
Where were ye borne ? Some say in Crete by name,
Others in Thebes, and others other-where ;
But, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And borné here in this world ; ne other can appeare.

‘ Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me
Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable to be :
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change ; for each of you,

That vertue have or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

‘ Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,
So sundry wayes and fashions as clerkes faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares,
What is the same but alteration plaine ?
Onely the starry skie doth still remaine :
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still move,
And even it selfe is mov’d, as wizards saine :
But all that moveth doth mutation love ;
Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

‘ Then, since within this wide great Universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse,
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My Trophee, and from all the triumph beare ?
Now judge then, (O thou greatest goddesse trew)
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew ;
That is, the rule of all, all being rul’d by you.’

So having ended, silence long ensewed ;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed.
Meane-while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th’ end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soveraine place :
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches
few.

' I well consider all that ye have said,
 And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate
 And changéd be ; yet, being rightly wayd,
 They are not changéd from their first estate ;
 But by their change their being do dilate,
 And turning to themselves at length againe,
 Do worke their owne perfection so by fate :
 Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne,
 But they raigne over Change, and do their states
 maintaine.

' Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
 And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee,
 For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire ;
 But time shall come that all shall changéd bee,
 And from thenceforth none no more change shal see.'
 So was the Titanesse put downe and whist,
 And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall see.
 Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
 And Natur's selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

THE WANDERING OF THE STARS

SO oft as I with state of present time
 The image of the antique world compare,
 When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
 And the first blossome of faire vertue bare ;
 Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
 As that, through long continuance of his course,
 Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
 From the first point of his appointed sourse ;
 And being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse :

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one ;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transforméd into hardest stone ;
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalion :
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenderéd.

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted sore,
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more ;
When Justice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice ; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all :
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right ;
As all things else in time are chaungéd quight :
Ne wonder ; for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

For who so list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares

They all are wandred much ; that plaine appears :
 For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
 Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
 Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
 And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa bore :

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
 So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
 That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
 Into the great Nemæan lions grove.
 So now all range, and doe at randon rove
 Out of their proper places farre away,
 And all this world with them amisse doe move,
 And all his creatures from their course astray,
 Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
 That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
 In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
 But is miscaried with the other Spheres :
 For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
 That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
 He is declynéd from that marke of theirs
 Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake ;
 That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old,
 Which in Star-read were wont have best insight,
 Faith may be given, it is by them told
 That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
 Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,

And twice hath risen where he now doth West,
And wested twice where he ought rise aright :
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound :
All lovéd vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found :
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets sound ;
Peace universall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground :
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred beheasts :

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might ;
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Justice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread Soverayne Goddess, that does highest sit
In seate of judgement in th' Almightyes stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest Nations filles with awful dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read
As thy great justice, praysed over-all,
The instrument whereof loe ! here thy Artégall.

GARDENS OF DELIGHT

THE ISLANDS OF PHÆDRIA AND ACRASIA

The angry man Atin goes to Cymochles, the lover of the enchantress Acrasia, that he may bring him to fight with the knight Guyon.

THERE Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,
To serve his Lemans love : for he by kynd
Was given all to lust and loose living,
When ever his fiers handes he free mote fynd :
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices, and lavish joyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lascivious boyes.

And over him art, stryving to compayre
With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
Framéd of wanton Yvie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw :
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors
shew.

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay :
The wearie Traveiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t' Olympick Jove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gaynéd goodly victoree :
Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonée,
And made emongst them selves a sweete consort,
That quicknéd the dull spright with musicall comfort.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
There wanton follies and light meriments :
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew :
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights ;
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew ;

Some bathéd kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips :
One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her daintie limbes above her tender hips ;
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

He, like an Adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes :
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe :
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceit,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

The enchantress Phædria entices both Guyon and Cymochles to her island.

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedeckéd trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seeméd outwardly.

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone :
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Jone ;

Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment :
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise ; and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine jolliment.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiv'd ; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or wingéd canvas with the wind to fly :
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
Ne caréd she her course for to apply ;
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely
save.

And all the way the wanton Damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine ;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly joyéd merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine :

THE ISLANDS OF PHAEDRA AND ACRASIA



AND THEREIN SAT A LADY FRESH AND FAYRE
MAKING SWEET SOLACE TO HER SELFE ALONE
SOMETIMES SHE SONG AS LOWD AS LARKE IN AYRE
SOMETIMES SHE LAUGHED AS MERRY AS POPE JONE

Yet seeméd, nothing well they her became ;
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wantéd grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turnéd all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devise,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight :
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlands, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight :
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might :
So easie was to quench his flaméd minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight.
So easie is t' appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent ;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized ?
' Vaine man,' (saide she) ' that wouldest be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phædria, (for so my name is red)
Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt ;
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

‘In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thither sayles by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow :
Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne ;
Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd thundring Jove
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne.
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.’

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an Island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake ;
There her small Gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre, issewing on the shore,
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great
store.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best :
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al
arownd.

No tree whose braunches did not bravely spring ;
No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt ;
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing ;
No song but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framéd fitt
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease :
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please ;
So pleaséd did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn ;
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd :
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly
charm'd.

‘ Behold, O man ! that toilesome paines doest take,
The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
How they them selves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap ; how no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich pompous showes ;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

‘ The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure :

Loe, loe ! how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure ;
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

‘ Why then doest thou, O man ! that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine ?
What bootes it al to have, and nothing use ?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse ?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures
chuse.’

By this she had him lulléd fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take :
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him lefte, and did her selfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake :
Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that same place where first she
weft.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought.
Him needed not long call ; shee soone to hond

Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
With his sad guide : him selfe she tooke aboard,
But the Blacke Palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once afford
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre ;
For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launchéd quickly as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu ; but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish sourse.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare,
And did of joy and jollity devize,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake ;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliaunce he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrivéd in that pleasaunt Ile,
Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.
But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,

He wist him selfe amisse, and angry said ;
' Ah, Dame ! perdy ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid :
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.'

' Faire Sir,' (quoth she) ' be not displeasd at all ;
Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call :
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray ;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay :
Better safe port then be in seas distrest.'
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in jest.

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelasse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore ;
The joyes whereof and happy fruitfulnessse,
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made much more :
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore ;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art :
So did she all that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize,
Might not revive desire of knightly exercize.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart ;
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so curteous seeming part
That gentle Lady did to him impart :
But, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

Guyon, who has escaped from the island of Phædria, comes, after many terrors, to the island of Acrasia, and makes her a prisoner.

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest prayse forth to advaunce,
Formerly grounded and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountyhed :
And this brave knight, that for this vertue fightes,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dangers, and ten thousand Magick
mights.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save perill still as he did pas :
Tho, when appeared the third Morrow bright
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,

An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their senses filléd with affright ;
And streight they saw the raging surges reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said then the Boteman, 'Palmer, stere aright,
And keepe an even course ; for yonder way
We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight !)
That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray ;
Which having swallowd up excessively,
He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

'On thother syde an hideous Rocke is pight
Of mightie Magnes stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On whoso cometh nigh ; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift :
For, whiles they fly that Gulfes devouring jawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helples
wawes.'

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arryve,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes :
Then he with all his puisaunce doth stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive

The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave ;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve
In th' huge abysses of his engulphing grave,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour
rave.

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment :
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemnéd to be drent.

On thother side they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke ;
And shivered ships, which had beene wreckéd late,
Yet stuck with carkases exanimate
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton joyes and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame, for ever fowly blent.

Forthy this hight The Rocke of vile Reproch,
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoars and bace,
And Cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,

Which still sat waiting on that wastfull clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus saide ; ' Behold th' ensamples in our sights
Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast.
What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights ?
Let all that live hereby be counselled
To shunne Rocke of Reproch, and it as death to
dred !'

So forth they rowéd ; and that Ferryman
With his stiffe oars did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles dauncéd all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last far off they many Islandes spy
On every side floting the floodes emong :
Then said the knight ; ' Lo ! I the land descry ;
Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto apply.'

' That may not bee,' said then the Ferryman,
' Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne ;
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But stragling plots which to and fro doe ronne

In the wide waters : therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands. Therefore doe them shonne ;
For they have ofte drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

‘ Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred
With grassy greene of delectable hew ;
And the tall trees with leaves appareled
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure ;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

‘ As th’ Isle of Delos whylome, men report,
Amid th’ Aegæan sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
Till that Latona traveiling that way,
Flying from Junoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day :
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for Apolloes temple highly herried.’

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
And passe on forward : so their way does ly,
That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there :
Upon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skipper floting did appeare.

She, them espying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busie them withall ;
And therewith lowdly laught : But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore :
Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power and
might.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly ;
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly ;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light :
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
Scoffing at him that did her justly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowéd
quite.

That was the wanton Phædria, which late
Did ferry him over the Idle lake :
Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake ;
When them the wary Boteman thus bespake :
' Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
And of our safety good heede to take ;
For here before a perlous passage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt making false melodies :

But by the way there is a great Quicksand,
And a whirlpoole of hidden jeopardy ;
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand,
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.'
Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh with water covered ;
But by the checked wave they did descry
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured :
It called was the quickesand of Unthriftyhed.

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
Her selfe had ronne into that hazardize ;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle ;
But neither toyle nor traveill might her backe recoyle.

On th' other side they see that perilous Poole,
That called was the Whirlpoole of decay ;
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay :
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide Labyrinth, and then to have them dround.

But th' heedful Boteman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.

Suddeine they see from midst of all the Maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enragéd were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet for exceeding feare ;
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much afrayd,
Unweeting what such horroure straunge did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence dismayd :

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee ;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee :
Spring-headed Hydres ; and sea-shouldring Whales ;
Great whirlpooles which all fishes make to flee ;
Bright Scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales ;
Mighty Monoceroses with immeasured tayles.

The dreadful Fish that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew ;
The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew :
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew

His fearefull face in time of greatest storme ;
Huge Ziffius, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes, (as travellers informe)
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deforméd Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore
Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold.
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall ;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

'Feare nought,' then said the Palmer well aviz'd,
'For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
And draw from on this journey to proceed.'
Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that danger forth their course they kept ;
And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly :
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

Which Guyon hearing streight his Palmer bad
 To stere the boat towards that dolefull Mayd,
 That he might know and ease her sorrow sad ;
 Who, him avizing better, to him sayd :
 ' Faire Sir, be not displeasd if disobayd :
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry,
 For she is inly nothing ill apayd ;
 But onely womanish fine forgery,
 Your stubborne hart t' affect with fraile infirmity.

' To which when she your courage hath inclind
 Through foolish pittty, then her guilefull bayt
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,
 And for your ruine at the last awayt.'
 The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strayt
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
 Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
 His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernessse.

And now they nigh approched to the sted
 Whereas those Mermayds dwelt : it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th' one side shelteréd
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill ;
 On th' other side an high rocke touréd still,
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
 And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill :
 There those five sisters had continuall trade,
 And usd to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade.

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striv'd
 With th' Heliconian maides for maystery ;
 Of whom they, over-comen, were depriv'd
 Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity

Transformd to fish for their bold surquedry ;
But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody ;
Which ever after they abusd to ill,
T' allure weake traveillers, whom gotten they did kill.

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde :
'O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
O ! turne thy rudder hitherward awhile
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde,
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome
turmoyle.'

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answerd ;
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
A solemn Meane unto them measuréd ;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whisteléd
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony,
Which Guyons senses softly tickeléd,
That he the boteman bad row easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

But him the Palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discourselléd,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they leveléd ;
When suddeinly a grosse fog over-spred

With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heavens chearefull face envelopéd,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Universe seemd one confused mas.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct they way in darkenes wide,
But feared to wander in that wastefull mist,
For tomling into mischiefe unespide :
Worse is the daunger hidden then describe,
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
And with their winged wings them ofte did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate ;
The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere ;
The hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere ;
The lether-winged Batt, dayes enemy ;
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere ;
The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy ;
The hellish Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny.

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare :
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare ;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did playnly sheow.
Said then the Palmer ; ' Lo ! where does appeare
The sacred soile where all our perills grow.
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready arms about you throw.'

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke :
Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,
And his sage Palmer that him governéd ;
But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
They marchéd fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly armd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting
Had them enragéd with fell surquedry :
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fercely their upstaring crests,
Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat.
Eftesoones their stubborne corages were queld,
And high advaunced crests downe meekely feld ;
Instead of fraying, they them selves did feare,
And trembled as them passing they beheld :
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade

Through ghastly horror and eternall shade :
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furies when they most doe rage.
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate ;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate :
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispenche,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
As well their entred guestes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin :
Nought feard theyr force that fortilage to win,
But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces might,
By which the mightiest things efforcéd bin :
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt ;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was ywritt ;

Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt ;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falséd fayth, and love too lightly flitt ;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of
Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent ;
And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent ;
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkeléd,
Yt seemd thenchaunted flame which did Crëusa wed.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all
Which thither came ; but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That traueilers to him seemd to entize :
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fitt for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

They in that place him Genius did call :
Not that celestiaall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,

Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
 And ofte of secret ill bids us beware :
 That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceiue to bee.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call ;
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall
 Through guilefull semblants which he makes us see :
 He of this Gardin had the governall,
 And Pleasures porter was devisd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for mere formalitee.

With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowéd rownd about ; and by his side
 A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was sett,
 As if it had to him bene sacrifice,
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide :
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by ;
 But he his ydle curtesie defide,
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe with which he charmed semblants
 sly

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
 A large and spacious plaine, on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns ; whose fayre grassy grownd
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,

Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early
morne.

Therewith the Heavens alwayes joviall
Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate ;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell ;
But the milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attemptred, and disposd so well,
That still it breathéd forth sweet spirit and holesom
smell :

More sweet and wholesome then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the Nimphe that bore
A gyaunt babe herselfe for grieve did kill ;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did gore ;
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repayre,
When ever they their heavenly bowres forlore ;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre ;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,

Brydling his will and maystering his might,
Till that he came unto another gate ;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate :

So fashioned a Porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounces hanging downe seemd to entice
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
And did them selves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered ;
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacine,
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest
Did bow adowne as overburdenéd.
Under that Porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disorderéd,
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for woman-
hed.

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach

Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet :
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet :
It was her guise all Straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast,
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond :
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth ;
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie Paradise on ground
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye ;
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by,
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonnesse ensude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine ;
So striving each th' other to undermine,

Each did the others worke more beautify ;
So differing both in willes agreed in fine :
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see ;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight who did not well avis'd it vew
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee ;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine ;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine :
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare ;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne
Of th' Ocean's fruitful froth, did first appeare :
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor droppéd downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace ;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrac.

The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise ;
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise ;

But thother rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights she unto him bewrayd ;
The rest hidd underneath him more desirous made.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing low and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd :
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd.
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned to approach more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold could
reare.

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counseld well him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis,

When thus the Palmer : ' Now, Sir, well advise ;
For here the end of all our travaill is :
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee ;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee ;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree :

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet ;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine response meet ;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall ;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind low answeréd to all.

There, whence that Musick seeméd heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing
With a new Lover, whom, through sorceree -
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring :
There she had him now laid aslombing
In secret shade after long wanton joyes ;
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight ;
And oft inclining downe, with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd ;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay :
Ah ! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day.
Ah ! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may.
Lo ! see soone after how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display ;
Lo ! see soone after how she fades and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre ;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady, and many a Paramowre.
Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre ;
Gather the Rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

He ceast ; and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all that he did say,

Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin ;
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee :
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin ;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly
flee.

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild ;
And yet, through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild ;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thirld
Fraile harts; yet quenched not ; like starry light,
Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme
more bright.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pittie was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface :
A sweet regard and amiable grace,

Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face ;
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree ;
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might see :
Ne for them ne for honour caréd hee,
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend ;
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did spend :
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend !

The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull game,
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame :
So held them under fast ; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to
wrest.

And eke her lover strove, but all in vaine ;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bandes, which there they readie found :
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde ;

For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound :
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and Pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittillesse ;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse.
Their groves he feld ; their gardins did deface ;
Their arbers spoyle ; their Cabinets suppressse ;
Their banket houses burne ; their buildings race ;
And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad.
The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd with furie mad ;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew whom they lad ;
But them the Palmer soone did pacify.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which
there did ly ?

Sayd he ; ' These seeming beasts are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transforméd thus ;
Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous.'
' Sad end,' (quoth he) ' of life intemperate.
And mourneful meed of joyes delicious !
But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returnéd be unto their former state.'

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And streight of beastes they comely men became ;
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
 And staréd ghastly ; some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath to see their captive Dame :
 But one above the rest in speciall
 That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,
 Repyned greatly, and did him miscall
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Saide Guyon ; ‘ See the mind of beastly man,
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began,
 That now he chooseth with vile difference
 To be a beast, and lacke intelligence !’
 To whom the Palmer thus : ‘ The donghill kinde
 Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence :
 Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde ;
 But let us hence depart whilst wether serves and
 winde.’

GARDEN OF ADONIS

IN that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
 Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify,
 And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
 Are fetcht : there is the first seminary
 Of all things that are borne to live and dye,
 According to their kynds. Long worke it were
 Here to account the endlesse progeny
 Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there ;
 But so much as doth need must needs be counted
 here.

It sitéd was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side ;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride :
And double gates it had which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas :
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world desire :
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire :
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn retorne backe by the hinder gate

After that they againe retournéd beene,
They in that Gardin planted bee agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thither they retourne where first they grew :
So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old to new.

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett or sow,
To plant or prune ; for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,

That bad them to increase and multiply :
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry ;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew :
And every sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew ;
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew ;
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare ;
And all the fruitfull spawnne of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the Ocean could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more ;
Yet is the stocke not lessenéd nor spent,
But still remaines in everlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore :
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
The substaunces of natures fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made ;
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life out of the griesly shade.
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so ;
Ne when the life decayes and forme does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is, and often altered to and froe.

The substaunce is not chaungd nor alteréd,
But th' only forme and outward fashion ;
For every substaunce is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion :
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde and by occasion ;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Tyme ; who with his scyth addrest
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard :
He flies about, and with his flaggy winges
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled quight ;
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight :
Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the Gardin them she saw,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such ~~despight~~ :
For all that lives is subject to that law ;
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull Gardin growes
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis :
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes ;

And sweete love gentle fitts emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor or fond gealosy.
Franckly each Paramor his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate ; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

There is continuall Spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme ;
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode :
The whiles the joyous birdes make their pastyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspition tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that Paradise
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight ;
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with pretious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet
delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasaunt Arber, not by art
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches, part to part,
With wanton yvie twine entrayld athwart,

And Eglantine and Caprifole emong,
Fashiond above within their inmost part,
That nether Phœbus beams could through them
throng,
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore ;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
And dearest love ;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore ;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath given endlesse date.

There wont fayre Venus often to enjoy
Her deare Adonis joyous company,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy :
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lappéd in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy ;
But she her selfe, when ever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

And sooth, it seemes, they say ; for he may not
For ever dye, and ever buried bee
In balefull night where all things are forgot :
All be he subject to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,

And by succession made perpetuall,
Transforméd oft, and chaungéd diverslie ;
For him the Father of all formes they call :
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

There now he liveth in eternall blis,
Joying his goddesse, and of her enjoyd ;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd :
For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath emprisonéd for ay,
That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd,
In a strong rocky Cave, which is, they say,
Hewen underneath that Mount, that none him losen
may.

FAUNS AND SATYRES AND SHEPHERDS

PRAISE OF THE SHEPHERDS LIFE

THERE he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine :
There his milk-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitfull Pales, and the forrest greene,
And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies pight,
Whereas continuall shade is to be scene,
And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
Do alwayes flow to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead, then, a more happie life
Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare ;
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished :
He joyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gatheréd ;

Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth :
 Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeless head,
 And perfect pleasure buildes her joyous bowre,
 Free from sad cares that rich mens hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indeavour,
 To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
 How he may flow in quiets matchles treasure,
 Content with any food that God doth send ;
 And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
 Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend
 In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
 The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O flocks ! O Faunes ! and O ye pleasaunt Springs
 Of Tempe ! where the cuntry Nymphs are rife,
 Through whose not costly care each shepherd sings
 As merrie notes upon his rusticke Fife,
 As that Ascræan bard, whose fame now rings
 Through the wide world, and leads as joyfull life ;
 Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
 In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

UNA AMONG THE FAUNS AND SATYRES

Una having been separated by enchantment from her Red Cross Knight lives for a while among Fauns and Satyrs. There a Satyr's son, who was afterwards a noble Knight, pays court to her in vain and pities her.

ETERNALL providence, exceeding thought,
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way.
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.

Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did bray,
 That all the woodes and forestes did resownd :
 A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
 In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
 And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the place they come incontinent :
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
 There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late ;
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate.
 All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state :
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
 In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell ;
 And every tender part for feare does shake.
 As when a greedy Wolfe, through hunger fell,
 A seely Lamb far from the flock does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,

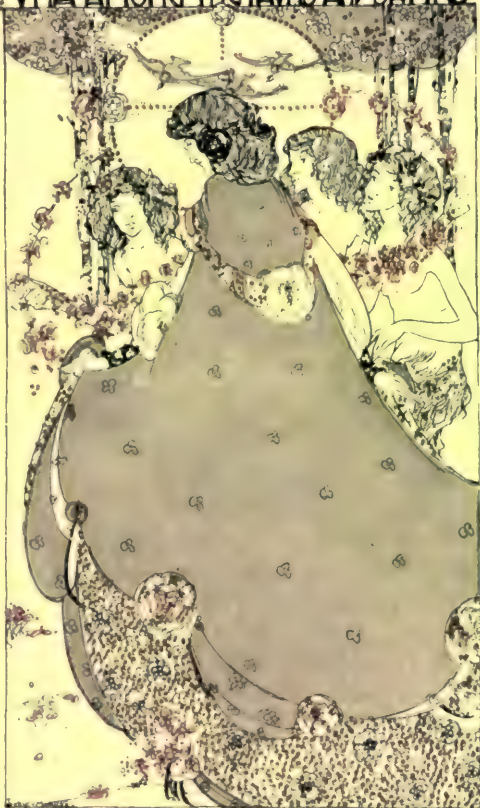
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had ;
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay ;
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her ; and, feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth ;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th.
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth ;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance
fayne.

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,
And yieldees her to extremitie of time :
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime.
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,

VINA AMONG THE FAUNS AND SATYRS.



AND WITH GREEN BRAVNCHES STROWING ALL THE GROUND
DO WORSHIP HER AS QUEEN WITH OLIVE GIRLOND CROWN'D

Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme ;
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her as Queene with olive girlond cround.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring ;
 And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
 Who, with the noyse awakéd, commeth out
 To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
 And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout,
 And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad ;
 Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
 Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad :
 They, drawing nigh, unto their God present
 That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.
 The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent :
 His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
 And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as Goddesse of the wood ;
 And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what
 To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood :

Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see ;
But Venus never had so sober mood :
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse ;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse ;
For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither runne apace ;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face ;
But, when they vewéd have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace :
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they
find.

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseryes.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes

To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
 And made her th' Image of Idolatryes ;
 But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
 From her own worship, they her Asse would worship
 fayn.

It fortunéd, a noble warlike knight
 By just occasion to that forrest came
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
 From whence he tooke his weldeservéd name :
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
 And fild far landes with glorie of his might :
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right ;
 But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,
 By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a Lady myld,
 Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde ;
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
 To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
 Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
 Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in pleasures
 vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
 And could not lacke her lovers company ;
 But to the woods she goes, to serve her turne,
 And seeke her spouse that from her still does fly,
 And followes other game and venery :

- A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde ;
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre :
Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe ;
Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
He nousled up in life and manners wilde,
Emongst wild bestes and woods, from lawes of men
exilde.

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare :
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare ;
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare ;
And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare ;
And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
That everie beast for feare of him did fly, and quake.

Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
That his own syre, and maister of his guise,
Did often tremble at his horrid vew ;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angry bestes not rashly to despise,

Nor too much to provoke ; for he would learne
 The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

And for to make his powre approved more,
 Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell ;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
 The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell ;
 And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
 Such joy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
 That his beheast they feared as a tyrans law.

His loving mother came upon a day
 Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne ;
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes and cruell pastime donne ;
 When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
 That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne :
 The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning backe gan fast to fly away ;
 Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan say :

'Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play ;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy :
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet
boy.'

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He traynéd was, till ryper years he raught ;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force : and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought ;
In which his might was never overthrowne ;
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was
blown.

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent ;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did
redound.

He wondred at her wisdoms heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew ;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,

Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew :
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER FOR
FEBRUARY

CUDDIE

AH for pittie ! wil rancke Winters rage
These bitter blasts never ginne tasswage ?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde :
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake :
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tayles,
Perke as a Peacock ; but now it avales.

THENOT

Lewdly complainest thou, laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course,
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall ?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live tyll the lusty prime ?
Selfe have I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much joy, many in many teares,

Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat,
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came ;
And ever my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CUDDIE

No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathful cheare ;
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold ; this crooked, that wrye ;
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,
So semest thou like Good Fryday to frowne :
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT

The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe :
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes :
And, when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen the Spring is come attonce ;
Tho gynne you, fond flyes ! the cold to scorne,
And, crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare ;
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,
Drerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the harte :

Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied :
Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CUDDIE

Ah, foolish old man ! I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me my springing youngth to spil :
I deeme thy braine emperishéd bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee :
Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp ;
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline :
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Love,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses glove ;
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse ;
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes.
I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt :
Such an one shepeheards would make full faine ;
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT

Thou art a fon of thy love to boste ;
All that is lent to love wyll be lost.

CUDDIE

Seest howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his prickéd eares ?

His hornes bene as broade as Rainebowe bent,
 His dewelap as lythe as lasse of Kent :
 See howe he venteth into the wynd ;
 Weenest of love is not his mynd ?
 Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
 So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan ;
 Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost,
 Thy flocks father his corage hath lost.
 Thy Ewes, that wont to have blownen bags,
 Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags ;
 The rather Lambes bene starved with cold,
 All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
 So vainely tadvaunce thy headlesse hood ;
 For youngth is a bubble blown up with breath,
 Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
 Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynné Penance,
 And stoope-gallaunt Age, the hoste of Greevaunce.
 But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
 Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
 Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent ?

CUDDIE

To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
 Then to heare novells of his devise ;
 They bene so well-thewéd, and so wise,
 What ever that good old man bespake.

THENOT

Many meete tales of youth did he make,

And some of love, and some of chevalrie ;
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde :
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight ;
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yelde,
And with his nuts larded many swine :
But now the gray mosse marred his rine ;
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament :
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres ;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde ;
Which made this foolish Brere waxe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.

‘Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish
blocke ?

Nor for fruct nor for shadowe serves thy stocke ;
Seest how fresh my flowers bene spreadde,
Dyed in Lilly white and Cremsin redde,

With Leaves engrained in lusty greene ;
 Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene ?
 Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
 And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd :
 The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
 My Sinamon smell too much annoieth :
 Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
 So spake this bold Brere with great disdain :
 Little him aunswered the Oake againe,
 But yeelded, with shame and greefe adawed,
 That of a weede he was overcrawed.

Yt chaunced after upon a day,
 The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
 Of custome for to survewe his grownd,
 And his trees of state in compasse rownd :
 Him when the spitefull Brere had espyed,
 Causelesse complained, and lowdly cryed
 Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife.

'O, my liege Lord ! the God of my life !
 Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
 Causéd of wrong and cruell constraint,
 Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure ;
 And, but your goodnes the same recure,
 Am like for desperate doole to dye,
 Through felonous force of mineemie.'

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,
 And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
 With painted words tho gan this proude weede
 (As most usen Ambitious folke :)
 His colowred crime with craft to cloke.

‘ Ah, my soveraigne ! Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land ;
With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time ?
How falls it then that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch unto the fyre,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire ;
Hinderling with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight ?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wyde ;
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your Coronall :
And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight ;
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where-with my fresh flowretts bene defast :
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlihead to aswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right ;
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greivance.’

To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth ; but hisemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate :

His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas ! that it so ready should stand !)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth !)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee ;
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroake,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine ;
Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear ;
For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy-water dew :
But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And brougten this Oake to this miserye ;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned under the blow,
And sighed to see his neare overthrow.
In fine, the steele had pierced his pitth,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Thearth shronke under him and seemed to shake :—
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none !

Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce ;
But all this glee had no continuance :
For eftsones Winter gan to approche ;
The blustering Boreas did encroche,

And beate upon the solitarie Brere ,
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late ;
For, naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe upright he can stand no more ;
And, being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious Brere,
For scorning Eld—

CUDDIE

Now I pray thee, shepheard, tel it not forth :
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe have I listened to thy speche,
That graffed to the ground is my breche :
My hart-blood is wel nigh frorne, I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele :
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted :
Hye thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER FOR
OCTOBER

PIERCE

C UDDIE, for shame ! hold up thy heavye head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring Phœbus race.
Whilome thou wont the shepherds laddes to leade
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base ;
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CUDDIE

Piers, I have pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore,
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much ; what I the bett for-thy ?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise ;
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye :
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise ?

PIERCE

Cuddie, the prayse is better then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne :
O ! what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O, how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave !
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereave ;
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave,
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

CUDDIE

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye ;
But who rewards him ere the more for-thy,
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine ?
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye ;
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERCE

Abandon, then, the base and viler clowne ;
Lyft up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts ;
Turne thee to those that weld the awful crowne,
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour
rusts,
And helmes unbruized wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West ;
Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advaunce the worthy whome shee loveth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And, when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead thou mayst thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring ;
So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde.

CUDDIE

Indeede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecænas left his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here.

But ah ! Mecænas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play :
For ever, who in derring-doe were drede,
The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoope,
And mightie manhode brought a bedde of ease,
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace emong the learned troupe :
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonne-bright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote agayne,
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye ;
Or, as it sprong, it wither must agayne :
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

PIERCE

O pierlesse Poesye ! where is then thy place ?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt,
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt,)
Ne brest of baser birth both thee embrace,
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

CUDDIE

Ah, Percy ! it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore and make so large a flight ;
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight :
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne ;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

PIERCE

Ah, fon ! for love does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre :
Such immortal mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie,
And cause a caytive corage to aspire ;
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUDDIE

All otherwise the state of Poet stands ;
For lordly love is such a Tyranne fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expell ;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell :
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever casts to compasse weightye prise,
 And thinkes to throwe out thondring words of threate,
 Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
 For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phœbus wise ;
 And, when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
 The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not, Percie, howe the ryme should rage,
 O ! if my temples were distaind with wine,
 And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine,
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
 And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
 With queint Bellona in her equipage !

But ah ! my corage cooles ere it be warme :
 For-thy content us in thys humble shade,
 Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde ;
 Here we our slender pypes may safely charme.

PIERCE

And, when my Gates shall han their bellies layd,
 Cuddie shall have a Kidde to store his farme.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER FOR
 NOVEMBER

THENOT

COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee
 sing,
 As thou were wont, songs of some jouisaunce ?
 Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
 Lulled a sleepe through loves misgovernaunce.

Now somewhat sing, whose endles sovenaunce
Emong the shepeheardes swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loved lasse advaunce,
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to playe;
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yerely taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken up his ynnne in Fishes haske.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delightes as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes;
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thy selfe deserves sike Poetes prayse?
Relieve thy Oaten pypes that sleepen long.

THENOT

The Nightingale is soveraigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee;
And I, unfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
Should Colin make judge of my fooleree:
Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well;
The kindelye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.

But if sadde winters wrathe, and season chill,
 Accorde not with thy Muses meriment,
 To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
 And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment ;
 For deade is Dido, dead, alas ! and drent ;
 Dido ! the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene.
 The fayrest May she was that ever went,
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene :
 And, if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene,
 I shall thee give yond Cosset for thy payne ;
 And, if thy rymes as rownde and rufull bene
 As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee bynempt.
 Then up, I say, thou jolly shepeheard swayne,
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COLIN

Thenot, to that I choose thou doest me tempt ;
 But ah ! to well I wote my humble vaine,
 And howe my rimes bene rugged and unkempt ;
 Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

'Up, then, Melpomene ! the mournefulst Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore ;
 Up, grieslie ghostes ! and up my rufull ryme !
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more ;
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.

Dido, my deare, alas ! is dead,

Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.

O heavie herse !

Let streaming teares be pouréd out in store ;

O carefull verse !

'Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes
abyde,

Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke ;
Waile we the wight whose presence was our pryde ;
Waile we the wight whose absence is our carke ;
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke :

The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.

O heavie herse !

Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke ;
O carefull verse !

'Why doe we longer live, (ah ! why live we so long ?)
Whose better dayes death hath shut up in woe ?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.

Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.

O heavie herse !

Nowe is time to dye : Nay, time was long ygoe :
O carefull verse !

'Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale ;
Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayde,
It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle ?

But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliven not for any good.

O heavie herse !

The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must
quaile ;

O carefull verse !

'She, while she was, (that was, a woful word to
sayne !)

For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no peere ;
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne
With cakes and cracknells, and such country chere :
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine ;
For she would cal him often heame,
And give him curds and clouted Creame.
O heavie herse !
Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne ;
O carefull verse !

'But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heavie
chaunce,
Such plesaunce now displast by dolors dint :
All musick sleepes, where death doth leade the
daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct ;
The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowres her corse embrace.
O heavie herse !
Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares
besprint ;
O carefull verse !

'O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy
griefe !
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee ?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-ringes, and gilte Rosemaree ?

For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah ! they bene all yclad in clay ;

One bitter blast blewe all away.

O heavie herse !

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree ;

O carefull verse !

‘ Ay me ! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall
stroke,

That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course ;

The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,

The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce :

The mantled medowes mourne,

Theyr sondry colours tourne.

O heavie herse !

The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse ;

O carefull verse !

‘ The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,

And hang theyr heads as they would learne to weepe ;

The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,

Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,

Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe :

The Turtle on the bared braunch

Laments the wound that death did launch.

O heavie herse !

And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe ;

O carefull verse !

‘ The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and
daunce,

And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,

Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce ;
 The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
 Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare ;

The fatall sisters eke repent

Her vitall threde so soone was spent.

O heaue herse !

Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy cheare,
 O carefull verse !

‘O ! trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper
 hope

Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
 And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope ;
 Now have I learnd (a lesson derely bought)

That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought ;

For what might be in earthlie mould,

That did her buried body hould.

O heaue herse !

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought ;

O carefull verse !

‘But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly
 spight,

And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,

She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,

Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.

Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse ?

O Lobb ! thy losse no longer lament ;

Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.

O happye herse !

Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes
 sourse ;

O joyfull verse !

‘Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with
playnts,

As if some evill were to her betight?

She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,
And is enstalléd nowe in heavens hight.

I see thee, blessed soule, I see
Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.

O happy herse!

Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)

O joyfull verse!

‘Unwise and wretched men, to weete whats good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert;
But knewe we, fooles, what it us bringes until
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert!

No daunger there the shepherd can astert;

Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene;

The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene.

O happy herse!

Make hast, ye shepheards, thether to revert:

O joyfull verse!

‘Dido is gone afore; (whose turne shall be the next?)

There lives shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,

There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,

And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse.

The honor now of highest gods she is

That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,

While here on earth she did abyde.

O happy herse!

Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted is;

O joyfull verse!’

THENOT

Ay, francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
 With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte
 Whether rejoyce or weepe for great constrainte.
 Thyne be the cossette, well hast thow it gotte.
 Up, Colin up ! ynough thou mornéd hast ;
 Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER
 FOR DECEMBER

THE gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
 All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
 That Colin hight, which wel could pype and singe,
 For he of Tityrus his songs did lere :

There, as he satte in secreate shade alone,
 Thus gan he make of love his piteous mone.

‘ O soveraigne Pan ! thou god of shepheards all,
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe,
 And, when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
 Doest save from mischief the unwary sheepe,
 Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde
 Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and
 warde ;

‘ I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to heare
 Rude ditties, tund to shepheards Oaten reede,
 Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
 Hearken awhile, from thy greene cabinet,
 The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

'Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there ;
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare :

I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

'I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame.

What recked I of wintrye ages waste ?—
Tho deeméd I my spring would ever laste.

'How often have I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest ?
How have I wearied with many a stroke
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife ?
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

'And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I to much beleaved my shepherd peeres,)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth,
A good old shephearde, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

'Fro thence I durst in derring-doe compare
With shepherds swayne what ever fedde in field ;
And, if that Hobbinol right judgement bare,
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield :
For, if the flocking Nymphes did follow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ranne.

' But, ah ! such pryde at length was ill repayde :
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasuance did me ill upbraide ;
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.

Love they him calléd that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

' Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me farewell,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre that kindled at his ray.

A comett stird up that unkindly heate,
That reignéd (as men sayd) in Venus seate.

' Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandering waye,
But whether luck and loves unbridled lore
Woulde leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe :
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

' Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,
The grieslie Tode-stoole growne there mought I se,
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same :
And where the chaunting birds luld me asleepe,
The ghastlie Owle her grievous ynne doth keepe.

' Then as the springe gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde ;
Also my age, now passed youngthly pryme,
To thinges of ryper season selfe applyed,
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

'To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes, was my wont :
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont ?
I learned als the signes of heaven to ken,
How Phœbe fayles, where Venus sittes, and when.

'And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges ;
The sodain rysing of the raging seas,
The soothe of byrdes by beating of their winges,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t' enrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

'But, ah ! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede,
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart-roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye bleede.
Why livest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound ?
Why dyest thou stil, and yet alive art founde ?

'Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hastened all to rathe ;
The eare that budded faire is burnt and blasted,
And all my hopéd gaine is turnd to scathe :
Of all the seede that in my youth was sowne
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

'Myboughes with bloosmes that crownéd were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst ;
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe ;
My harvest, wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

'The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long ;
Theyr rootes bene dried up for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be ever among.

Ah ! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spil the flowres that should her girlond dight ?

'And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote,
Sike follies nowe have gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unsoote.

The loser Lasse I cast to please no more ;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

'And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care ;
Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare :

Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wavering wynd.

'So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite ;
My harveste hasts to stirre up Winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right :

So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure ;
So now his blustering blast eche coste dooth scoure.

'The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight :
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright

Delight is layd abedde ; and pleasure past ;
No sonne now shines ; cloudes han all overcast.

‘ Now leave, ye shepheards boyes, your merry glee ;
 My Muse is hoarse and wearie of thys stounde !
 Here will I hang my pype upon this tree :
 Was never pype of reede did better sounde.

Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste,
 And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

‘ Gather together ye my little flocke,
 My little flock, that was to me so lief ;
 Let me, ah ! lette me in your foldes ye lock,
 Ere the breme Winter breede you greater grieve.

Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
 And after Winter commeth timely death.

‘ Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe ;
 Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare ;
 Adieu, my little Lambes and loved sheepe ;
 Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witnesse were :

Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
 Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.’



NOTES

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE

Page 1, line 5. *High conceipted sprights*=spirits of noble essence or aspirations.

P. 4, l. 6. *Plato so admyred*.—This is a reference to Plato's doctrine of 'Ideas,' viz. that all human action depends on knowledge, and that all knowledge depends on its 'Universal' or 'Notion,' whereby he sought to establish the absolute principle of logical ideas, otherwise of those ideas which underlie all perception and all thought. In this way he seeks to reach the objectivity of truth, a realm of knowledge that is independent (as Hutchinson Stirling says) of sensuous perception. In a word, Plato's 'Ideas' were both archetypes or originals, and the copies or 'real existences.'

P. 4, l. 14. *Is fet*=is derived.

P. 6, l. 1. *Plumes of perfect speculation*=the wings of soaring thought.

P. 6, l. 6. *Native brood of Eagles kynd, etc.*—It was a common tradition in mediæval natural history that the eagle strengthened its eyesight by gazing at the noonday sun. Cf. Milton's *Areopagitica*: 'A noble and puissant nation . . . as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.'

P. 7, ll. 1, 2. *Light, farre exceeding . . . Titans flaming head*.—Cf. Keats' *Hyperion*, B. II. ll. 357-370: 'Suddenly a splendour . . . hateful seeing of itself.'

P. 7, l. 23. *Dearling*=the earlier form of darling.

P. 8, l. 22. *Ne could that Painter . . . admyred, etc.*=Apelles of Ephesus, in his great picture of Aphrodite Anadyomene, or Venus rising from the sea. Cf. Lyly's *Campaspe*.

P. 9, l. 2. '*That sweete Teian Poet*' = Anacreon. Cf. Byron's '*Isles of Greece*'—'*The Seian and the Teian Muse.*'

P. 12, l. 13. *Faire Cytheree* = Venus. She was supposed to have risen from the sea near the island of Cythera, off the coast of Laconia, in the Peloponnesus. Hence she got the name of the Cytherean Venus. Cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, B. I. l. 262, and Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, B. IV. l. 288, also Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies*, B. II. l. 5:—

'Let me be slandered, while my fire she hides,
That Paphos and flood-beat Cythēra guides.'

EPITHALAMION

P. 16, l. 4. *Orpheus*.—One of the earliest Greek poets, whose skill in music was so great that the beasts, and the birds, and the rocks, and stones even followed him. He went to Hell to entreat Pluto's permission that his wife, Eurydice, whom he tenderly loved, and who had died shortly before, should be allowed to return with him to earth. Pluto granted the request on condition that he did not look back during his return journey. Orpheus agreed, and kept his word until within two steps of the mouth of Hades, when his love overcame his judgment and he looked to see if she were following. Alas, she was close behind, but now with a wailing cry she fled from him for ever. Cf. Milton's exquisite allusion in *L'Allegro*, ll. 145–152.

P. 17, l. 2. *Bound true love wize* = in a true love-knot.

P. 18, l. 2. *The Rosy Morne, etc.*—The ancient legend was that Aurora, the goddess of the Dawn, fell in love with Tithonus, a son of Laomedon, King of Troy, and stole him away. He begged of Aurora the gift of immortality and got it, but forgot to ask with it the gift of eternal youth. He therefore became old and decrepit, with the consciousness he must live for ever. He therefore prayed that the gift might be cancelled. This could not be done, but he was changed into a grasshopper. The expression is a stock one among our early writers: '*Now hath Aurora left Tithonus' bed,*' and the like.

P. 18, l. 22. *Hesperus* = the evening star. Cf. Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well* (II. i. 165):—

'Twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp';

also in Ben Jonson's magnificent song, 'To Cynthia':—

'Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright';

finally in *Comus*, 982 ff.

P. 19, l. 19. *Fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!* = Apollo, or the Sun, the word expressing the brightness and splendour of that luminary (φαιβος).

P. 20, l. 15. *Lyke Phæbe . . . East.*—Phœbe was generally taken to mean the Moon in old literature.

P. 20, l. 20. *Her long loose yellow locks, et seq.* to p. 21, l. 18.—With this passage compare the famous one in Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, 'Rosalin's Complaint,' stan. 7-30.

P. 23, l. 27. '*Sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine.*'—Herrick has the same idea in his 'Epithalamie to Sir T. Southwell and his Ladie':—

'But to avert the worst
Let her, her fillets first
Knit to the posts; this point
Remembering to anoint
The sides; for 'tis a charm
Strong against future harm.'

P. 26, l. 11. *The great Tirynthian groome* = Hercules, who was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena.

P. 26, l. 23. *The Pouke* = a hideous apparition, which is so dread-inspiring that the person who views it goes temporarily mad; from this word some have derived the American designation for ghosts, 'spooks.'

P. 26, l. 27. *Let not the shriech Oule nor the Storke be heard, nor the night Raven.*—The owl was reckoned a very unlucky bird. Chaucer in his *Parlement of Fowles* says:—

'The jalous swan, ayens his dethe that singeth,
The oule eke, that of dethe the bode bringeth';

while Shakespeare in *Julius Cæsar* says:—

'The bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place
Hooting and shrieking.'

P. 27, l. 30. *The Latmian shepherd*=Endymion. Cf. Keats' *Endymion* for the presentation of the legend.

ENCHANTED TREES

P. 30, l. 4. *Ne wont there sound his mery oaten pipe*=was not accustomed to play on his pipe in that spot.

P. 30, l. 15. *Faire seemely pleasaunce*=proper attentions.

P. 30, l. 16. *Goodly purposes*=excellent discourses.

P. 30, l. 24. *A piteous yelling voice*.—The enchantment of persons into the forms of trees and animals was a 'common occurrence' in mediæval annals, and Spenser only followed a familiar tradition in introducing this incident into the *Faerie Queen*. Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, III. 23; Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, VI. 27.

P. 31, l. 9. *Limbo lake*.—Used here for Hell in general, but strictly should only be applied to the borderland of Hell, the abode of unbaptized children and of the righteous who died before the birth of Christ. Cf. Dante, *Inferno*, IV.

P. 31, l. 16. *Fradubio*—literally, 'Brother Dubious.' *Fra* or *frater*, 'brother,' and *dubium*, 'doubt.'

P. 32, l. 1. *Double griefs afflict concealing harts*=griefs that are concealed grow doubly hard to bear. Cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 210:—

'Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.'

P. 32, l. 12. *Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee*=it happened to me to be encountered by a knight: 'of' here is equal to 'by,' as 'loved of all men'=by all men.

P. 33, l. 8. *What not by right she cast to win by guile*=what she could not gain by right she endeavoured to win by guile.

P. 33, l. 23. *Treen mould*.—Note the adjective formed out of the word tree.

P. 33, l. 27. *That day is everie Prime*=every Sabbath.

FLORIMELL AND MARINELL

P. 37, l. 12. *Britomart*.—The incarnate virtue of Chastity, which so long as it keeps itself stainless is invincible.

P. 39, l. 8. *Nereus*.—A deity of the sea, the father of the Nereides. He had the gift of prophecy, and foretold the future to all who were able to hold him throughout all his changes of shapes and natures. In this he resembled Proteus. Nereus was sometimes regarded as the oldest of the gods.

P. 41, l. 2. *Proteus*.—A sea deity, son of Oceanus and Tethys. He received the gift of prophecy from Neptune, because he had tended the monsters of the sea. He usually resided in the Carpathian Sea, where those who wished to consult him about the future repaired. He was fond of sleeping on the seashore, at which time he was captured with most ease, and, like Nereus, fast bound in fetters, while he went through his various changes of form. When he found these were unavailing to give him release, he condescended to reply to questions.

P. 41, l. 17. *Would algates dy*=would altogether die.

P. 41, l. 22. *Him soonest doth amate*=doth soonest subdue him.

P. 46, l. 4. *High Pindus hill*.—A range of mountains between Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus. It was sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

P. 46, l. 6. *Wise Pæon sprong*.—Pæon was a celebrated physician who healed the wounds received by the gods at the siege of Troy. From him physicians were sometimes called *Pæonii*, and medicinal herbs, *Pæonic herbe*.

P. 50, l. 17. *Centaurs*.—Fabulous monsters, half-horse and half-man, the offspring of Centaurus and Stilbia. They were said to have been destroyed by Hercules and the Lapithæ. Some of the Centaurs were very wise, such as Chiron. Cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, VI, l. 286 ff.

P. 57, l. 19. *I daily dying am too long*.—I have too long been compelled to drag out day by day a miserable existence.

GOOD AND BAD COURTIER

P. 67, l. 17. *He disdaines himself t' embase theretoo*=he declines to stoop to such practices.

P. 68, l. 11. *Euchen bowe*=a bow made of yew.

P. 69, l. 13. *Armes and warlike amenaunce*=arms and warlike behaviour.

P. 70, l. 14. *Ne with the worke of losel's wit defamed*=nor with the works put forth by mere idlers let poetry's honour be defamed.

P. 71, l. 1. *The Sectaries*=those who were hostile to the Church of England as then constituted. In all probability, the early members of the Puritan party were in Spenser's mind at the moment, for he was throughout a stern and unbending maintainer of Church and State, as then constituted.

P. 71, l. 20. *It is not long since, etc., ff.*—The state described here as being that into which the great Earl of Leicester, the husband, and the assassin as some say, of Amy Robsart, had fallen in his last years, tallies with the historical accounts which have come down to us. He appears to have lost many of his possessions and much of his wealth before his death.

THE MUSE CALLIOPE LAMENTS

P. 73, l. 15. *Twixt Irus and old Inachus*.—Irus was a beggar of Ithaca, who executed the commissions of Penelope's suitors. When Ulysses returned home disguised in a beggar's dress, Irus hindered him from entering the gates, and even challenged him. Ulysses felled him with a blow, and dragged him out of the house. Cf. Homer, *Odyssey*, B. VIII. i. 35.

Inachus was a son of Oceanus and Tethys, and was also the father of Io. He founded the kingdom of Argos, where he reigned sixty years most prosperously.

HOUSE OF DESPAIR

P. 75, l. 6. *As if his feare*=as if what he feared, or the cause of his feare, still followed him. The same idea is expressed in *Macbeth*, IV. ii., the whole scene exhibiting a marvellous likeness to this one: 'His flight was madness: when our actions do not, our fears do make us traitors.'

P. 75, l. 9. *Pegasus his kynd*.—The use of 'his' for the genitive of masculine and neuter nouns will be familiar to every reader of Elizabethan literature. Cf. Ben Jonson's

well-known play, *Sejanus his Fall*. It arose from the erroneous idea that the genitive ending *-es* or *-is* was a contraction of 'his,' and that the use of 'his' in full was only a reversion to the original form. The error continued long in vogue, and has even crept into the Prayer Book, as in the phrase 'For Jesus Christ His sake.'

Pegasus was a famous winged horse of Greek story. He sprung from the blood of Medusa, when Perseus had cut off her head. He fixed his residence on Mount Helicon, and became a great favourite with the Muses. He was lent to Bellerophon to assist him in slaying the Chimæra, and was afterwards received into heaven and placed among the constellations.

P. 76, l. 2. *What mister wight*=what kind of a person? Cf. Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales* (Knights Tale, 1710): 'But telleth me what mister men ye been.'

P. 77, l. 8. *Had not greater grace*=greater mercy than was ever vouchsafed to my other companion.

P. 77, l. 9. *Partaker of the place*=sharer of his fate.

P. 77, l. 16.—*In the least degree*—i.e. she did not love him at all.

P. 77, l. 21. *God from him me blesse*=God preserve me from him. Cf. Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, V. i. 145: 'God bless me from a challenge,' God preserve me from; also *Richard III.*, III. iii. 5: 'God bless the prince from all the pack of you.'

P. 77, l. 26. *Snake in hidden weedes*=snake in hiding or concealing weeds.

P. 78, l. 17. *I wote . . . worldes wealth*.—The meaning of these two lines is somewhat obscure. The sense seems to be as follows: 'I, who would not go through the late experience for all the world's wealth, know by recent experience that his subtle tongue,' etc.

P. 79, l. 1. *For gold nor glee*=for gold or for honour.

P. 79, l. 23. *That cursed man*=despair. Compare Spenser's description here with that of Bunyan in the *Pilgrim's Progress*: 'The next night she (Diffidence, the wife of Giant Despair), talking with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he

goes to them in a very surly manner, as before, and, perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?"

P. 80, l. 3. *Abouts*.—Note the 's' added here as the adverbial suffix; analogous instances are 'straightways,' 'sideways,' 'lengthways,' 'now-a-days'; also 'to be friends' with a person.

P. 81, ll. 1-27 *ff*.—Note the marvellous resemblance between the arguments advanced here in favour of and against suicide, and those discussed by Christian and Hopeful in Giant Despair's dungeon.

P. 81, ll. 6, 7. *Envious . . . fond*=envious of your neighbour's good fortune in escaping from life; fond or foolish, because by remaining in life you still cling to your own woe.

P. 81, l. 20.—*The terme of life is limited*, *ff*.—These lines manifest a close likeness to Plato's famous passage in the *Phædo* regarding suicide.

P. 82, l. 16. *Is not enough thy evill life forespent*=is not thy evil misspent life sufficient for you? Forespent is here employed in the sense of being utterly ruined and wasted.

P. 82, l. 21. *Th' ill . . . ensewen may*=to prevent the evil which may ensue upon continued life.

P. 82, l. 23. *For what hath life . . . make*, *ff*.—*Cf.* with this passage Hamlet's famous soliloquy.

P. 83, l. 12. *Sinfull hire*=the hire or wages of iniquity: there is a remarkable resemblance here between this passage and Rom. vi. 22, 23, 'For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God,' etc.

P. 83, l. 14.—*Against the day of wrath*, etc.—These lines are a reference to, almost a translation of, the famous mediæval hymn by Thomas of Celano:—

'Dies Iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla'

P. 84, ll. 1-31. Despair fits his weapons to suit each individual case. He had nearly overcome the Knight, Sir Trevisan,

by representing to him how foolish it was to bear the pangs of unrequited love ; he attacks the Red Cross Knight with wholly different arms, viz. with remorse for his past sins and shortcomings, which are represented to be so great that they are past the hope of redemption, and the Knight is nearly driven to self-destruction until saved by Una.

P. 84, l. 15. *A table plaine*, i.e. a picture.

P. 85, ll. 6, 7. *Through every vaine, the crudled cold ran to her well of life*: a clear proof that the circulation of the blood was known or guessed at long before it was formally laid down as a principle in physiology by William Harvey in 1628. Shakespeare also made more than one reference to the same fact. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 288 :—

‘ You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.’

P. 85, l. 8. *Reliv'd again*.—Note the repetition of the redundancy in the phrase ‘reliv'd again’=‘revived once more.’ Cf. *Measure for Measure*, IV. vi. 4.

P. 85, l. 19. *Chosen art*.—Dean Church considers that this is a plain reference to the Calvinistic doctrine of ‘election’ or ‘predestination.’

THE HOUSE OF RICHESSE

P. 86, l. 19. *Rich entayle and curious mould*=a work of rich carving and grotesque design ; *entayle* means ‘intaglio work.’ For example, in Chaucer, *Romaunt of the Rose*, we read,

‘ About hir nekke of gentil entaile,
Was shet the riche chevesaile.’

P. 86, l. 21. *A mass of coyne he told*=he counted. Hence our word of to-day, ‘a bank-teller,’ who tells or counts out the money.

P. 87, l. 4. *Mulciber's devouring element*=Vulcan and fire. Vulcan, of course, was the God of Fire and the patron of all such as work in iron. Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. I. l. 740 : ‘In Ausonian land men called him Mulciber.’

P. 88, l. 19. *In der-doing armes*=in arms suited to deeds of daring : or of derring-doe.

P. 92, l. 5. *At length, ff.*—Note the remarkable resemblance between these lines, 92-5 to 93-18, and the 'Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins,' by William Dunbar.

P. 93, l. 5. *A little dore.*—*Cf.* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the last lines of Part I.: 'The King Commanded the two Shining Ones . . . to take Ignorance and bind him hand and foot and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the hill and put him in there. Then I saw there was a way to hell even from the gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction.'

P. 94, l. 16. *Arachne*=the spider. The name is taken from a woman of Colophon, daughter of Idmon the dyer, who was so skilful with her needle that she challenged Minerva, the goddess of the art, to a trial of skill, but was defeated and was changed into a spider.

P. 102, l. 29. *Acontius got his lover trew.*—Acontius was a youth of Cea, who, having gone to Delos to see the sacrifice of Diana, fell in love with Cydippe, a beautiful virgin, and being unable to obtain her on account of the obscurity of his origin, wrote these verses on an apple which he threw into her bosom:

'Juro tibi sanctæ per mystica sacra Dianæ
Me tibi venturam comitem, spousamque futuram.'

(I swear to thee by the sacred mysteries of the holy Diana
That I come to thee as a companion, and that you will be
my wife.)

Cydippe read the verses, and being compelled by the oath she had inadvertently made, married Acontius.

P. 102, ll. 26, 27. '*Th' Eubæan young man wan swift Atalanta*'=Hippomenes, who won Atalanta by the help of Venus. That beauty, who was the swiftest runner of her age, said she would only marry the man who defeated her in running. Venus gave Hippomenes three of the golden apples from the Gardens of the Hesperides. These he artfully dropped at intervals, and while Atalanta stopped to pick them up, Hippomenes reached the goal first. See Swinburne's great play, *Atalanta in Calydon*.

P. 102, l. 31. *Famous golden Apple.*—The apple thrown by the Goddess of Discord into the assembly of the Gods inscribed,

'Let the most beautiful possess me.' Juno, Minerva, and Venus all claimed the apple and submitted their claims to Paris, son of King Priam of Troy. Paris decided in favour of Venus, who promised him the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife. That was Helen of Greece, then the consort of Menelaus, King of Sparta. Cf. Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, Act V. sc. iii.

P. 103, l. 13. *Cocytus deepe*=one of the rivers of Hell. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, B. II. 579.

Pp. 104 and 105. The scene here reveals a curious resemblance to that in Dante's *Inferno*.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE

P. 107, l. 28. The success which attends the attempt of Britomart, the female warrior and champion, to pass through the flame at the Enchanter's castle, typifies the success of Chastity in passing all temptation, provided it keeps itself free from any trace of weakness.

P. 110, l. 1. *More sondry colours then the proud Pavone*.—Literally, more variety of hues than the haughty peacock bears in his tail or is in the rainbow.

P. 114, l. 15. *Ympe of Troy whom Jove did love*=Ganymede.

P. 114, l. 18. *Alcides*=Hercules, who after his friend Hyllas had been lost on the coast of Asia, actually retired from the Argonautic expedition through sheer grief. Cf. *Paradise Regained*, B. II. 353.

Pp. 115-117. Once more a striking resemblance can be traced here to William Dunbar's great poem. Spenser on more than one occasion quotes lines from him without acknowledgment, showing that he had been impressed by the poem.

P. 115, l. 12. *Capuccio*, a cowl or hood (Ital. *Capuche*), hence sub-order of the Franciscans in the Roman Catholic Church called the Capuchins.

P. 123, l. 2. *His charmes back to reverse*.—It was usual when an enchanter wished to undo the mischief he had wrought by laying a spell on any one, to recite the spell backwards, beginning at the end. Cf. Fennemose's *History of Magic*.

P. 125, ll. 5, 7. *Was vanisht quite . . . which that fraud*

did frame.—Cf. *Phantasmion*, by Sara Coleridge, where the effect of an enchanter's downfall is made visible at once in the vanishing away of his fictitious splendour.

THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP

P. 126, l. 13. *Some noble gest*=some noble deed. Cf. *Gesta Romanorum* (the Deeds of the Romans).

P. 126, l. 24. *Paphos*.—A famous city of the island of Cyprus, founded about 1184 B.C. by Agapenor, from Arcadia. Venus was particularly worshipped there, the inhabitants being very effeminate and lascivious. See Chester's *Love's Martyr* (Grosart's edition), p. 9:—

‘There is a climat fam’d of old
That hath to name delightsome Paphos Ile,
A champion country full of fertile plaines,’ etc.

[Also Cf. John Milton's Latin Elegies, V. and VII.] The description of Paphos in Chester's poem is almost identical with that in the text before us.

P. 128, l. 26; p. 129, l. 5. The description of Doubt and Delay in this section of the poem. Cf. Massinger's splendid description in the *Virgin Martyr*, of which passage we can only quote the first lines:—

‘To doubt is worse than to have lost; and to despair
Is but to antedate those miseries, that must fall on us.’

P. 131, l. 9. *He gan forthwith t'avale*=he began immediately to give place.

P. 133, l. 14. *Such were . . . Theseus and Pirithous his feare*.—Pirithous was a son of Ixion, and was King of the Lapithæ. He and Theseus, from being enemies, became the warmest of friends. He married Hippodamia, and at her death vowed he would henceforth only marry a goddess. He therefore decided with his friend Theseus to descend into Hades and to carry off Proserpine, the wife of Pluto, and to marry her; but Pluto had warning of their intentions, and confined them both in Hades, where, however, Hercules, on his descent to bring up Cerberus, rescued them both and restored them to the joys of the upper world. Orestes was the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, while Pylades was his cousin. Between them

there was the most inviolable friendship. Pylades assisted Orestes to avenge the murder of Agamemnon, in assassinating Clytemnestra and Ægistheus. Orestes gave him his sister Electra in marriage. Cf. Euripides's *Iphigeneia*, also Æschylus's *Agamemnon*, and Euripides's *Orestes*, and Sophocles's *Electra*, for different phases of feeling.

P. 134, l. 12. '*Famous Temple of Diane*' in Ephesus: one of the Seven Wonders of the world; was 220 years in building, and was burnt by an Ephesian named Eratosthratus, 355 B.C. It was rebuilt in a style even more magnificent than before.

P. 134, l. 17. *Wise King of Jurie*=Solomon.

P. 135, l. 19. *Concord she cleeped was in common reed*=she was called Concord in common parlance.

P. 137, l. 17. *Phidias did make*=the famous statue of Venus, which was executed by Phidias for the inhabitants of Cnidus, which was so natural and so beautiful that one of the youths of the place fell in love with it. Phidias was born *circa* 500 B.C., and died *circa* 432.

P. 139, l. 3. *Thus doth the dedale earth*=thus doth the skilful or fertile earth.

P. 143, l. 10. *Mutabilitie*.—This fragment—for it is only a fragment—was added by a bookseller, who, in reprinting the six books of the *Faerie Queen*, appended it to the poem without saying where he got it or how it came into his possession. As Dean Church says, 'It is a strange and solemn meditation on the universal subjection of all things to the inexorable conditions of change. It is strange, with its odd episode and fable, which Spenser cannot resist about his neighbouring streams, its borrowings from Chaucer, and its quaint mixture of mythology with sacred and with Irish scenery, Olympus and Tabor, and his own rivers and mountains.'

P. 143, l. 24. *Those old Titans*.—The name given to the sons of Coelus and Terra; they were forty-five in number. The chief of the Titans were Hyperion, Oceanus, Japetus, Cottus, and Briareus. They warred against Saturn, who had been one of themselves, and their wars are often confounded, as they are confounded here by Spenser, with those of the giants against Jupiter when the latter obtained the assistance of some of the Titans against the giants. Cf. Keats, *Hyperion*.

P. 145, l. 1. *Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake but eke,*
etc. = nor did she only break the laws of Nature, but also, etc.

P. 148, l. 4. *Typhon*.—A famous giant, son of Tartarus and Terra, who had a hundred heads like those of a serpent or a dragon. Flames darted from his mouth and eyes, and he was no sooner born than he made war on Jupiter and the other gods, who were so alarmed that they assumed the shapes of various earthly animals. Jupiter at last put Typhon to flight with his thunderbolts, and crushed him under Mount Etna.

P. 148, ll. 6–16. *The Son of Maia* = Mercury; also cf. all this passage with that famous one in *Hamlet*, III. iv. 59 :—

‘A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.’

P. 154, l. 27. *Arlo Hill*.—A hill near Spenser’s Irish home of Kilcolman. He frequently refers to it. Arlo Hill, as Church says, was well known to all Englishmen who had to do with the south of Ireland at this time. It is frequently mentioned in Irish history under the names Aharlo, Harlow, etc., in the Index to the Irish Calendar of Government Papers, as continual encounters and ambushes took place in its notoriously dangerous woods. By Arlo Hill, Spenser implies the highest part of the Galtee Range, below which, to the north, through a glen or defile, runs the river Aherlow or Arlo. Galtymore, the summit of, and which may by pre-eminence be called ‘Arlo Hell,’ rises with precipice and gully more than 3000 feet above the plains of Tipperary, and is seen far and wide. It was connected (says Dean Church) with ‘The great wood,’ the wild region of forest, mountain, and bog, which stretched half across Munster from the Suir to the Shannon. It was the haunt and fastness of Irish outlawry and rebellion in the south, and long sheltered Desmond and his followers. Thus ‘Arlo and its fair forests,’ harbouring thieves and wolves, was an uncomfortable neighbour to Kilcolman.

P. 160, l. 5. *Her beloved Fanchin*.—A stream which ran near Kilcolman.

P. 163, l. 2. *On mount Thabor quite their wits forgot*.—On the Mount of the Transfiguration, where Peter wist not what he said when he proposed to build three tabernacles there, one for Moses, one for Elias, and one for Our Lord.

P. 163, l. 16. *Old Dan Geffrey*=Geoffrey Chaucer.

P. 164, l. 1. *The Mole*, also a stream in the neighbourhood of Spenser's Irish home.

P. 169, l. 10. *So forth issew'd the seasons of the year*.—If any one will take the trouble to read with care and close attention the *Seasons* of James Thomson, he will very soon detect how much he owed to Spenser for the ideas he afterwards expanded.

P. 170, l. 16. *After them the monthes all riding came, first sturdy March*.—This month, which is the third in the procession of our year, was under the 'Old Style' the first of the year.

P. 171, l. 9. *The twinnes of Leda*=Castor and Pollux.

P. 172, l. 2. *Amphytrionide*=Hercules.

THE WANDERING OF THE STARS

P. 181, l. 2.—*The same golden fleecy ram*=the golden fleece, which occasioned the Argonautic expedition under Jason.

P. 182, l. 5. *During Saturnes ancient raighe*.—The Golden Age was supposed to have been enjoyed during this epoch.

PHÆDRIA AND ACRASIA

P. 189, l. 29. *Flowre-deluce*=the fleur-de-lys.

P. 194, l. 14. *On thother syde . . . Magnes stone, etc.*—*Cf. the Arabian Nights*, where Sinbad the sailor is shipwrecked owing to a magnetic mountain attracting to itself all the iron bolts in the ship.

P. 197, l. 2. *The Wandring Islands*.—*Cf. the Argonautic expedition*, where the Symplegades or Floating Islands are encountered; Hyginus, *Fable 14*; Apollonius, *Argonautic*.

P. 200. *Huge sea-monsters*.—The names given here represent the mythical monsters with which the deep was peopled in ancient and in mediæval times—spring-headed Hydras, sea-shouldering Whales, Scolopenderas, Monoceroses, the Wasser-man, the Sea-satyre, Zuffius, Rosmarines, etc.

P. 203, l. 1. *Transformed to fish for their bold surquedry*=transformed to fish in punishment of their insolence. *Cf. Chaucer, The Parson's Tale*: 'Presumpcion is when a man undertaketh an emprise that him oughte nat do, or elles that he may nat do, and that is called surquidrie.'

P. 205, l. 29. *Caduceus*=the rod which Mercury carried wherewith to drive the spirits of the dead to the infernal regions, and could lull any one to sleep with it, or even raise the dead to life. It was a rod or staff entwined at one end by two serpents, in the form of two equal semicircles, and was given to Mercury by Apollo in return for the lyre.

P. 206, l. 3. *Orcus*=the infernal regions as a whole.

P. 206, l. 4. *The Furies*=otherwise the Eumenides, the ministers of the vengeance of the gods, and therefore appeared always stern and inexorable. They were three in number—Tisiphone, Megara, and Alecto, the name 'Nemesis' not being a fourth Fury, but a generic name applied to all three. They were represented as holding a burning torch in one hand and a whip of scorpion in the other. Cf. the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, and the *Orestes* of Euripides.

P. 206, l. 27. *Jason and Medea*.—The former was the leader of the Argonautic expedition, while the latter was the daughter of King Ætes, of Colchis. Through her assistance as an enchantress Jason was able to fulfil the conditions entailed upon him in the quest of the Golden Fleece.

P. 208, l. 17. *Mighty Mazer bowele*.—A large bowl for drinking purposes, usually made of wood. In Drayton's *Nymphidia* we read :—

'The Muses from their Heliconian spring
Their brimful mazers to the feasting bring.'

P. 209, l. 15. *Rhodope*.—A high mountain in Thrace, extending all the way up to the Euxine.

P. 214, l. 20. Note the art wherewith Spenser makes none of his characters perfect, so as to be unhuman. Even in Sir Guyon, the incarnated virtue of Temperance, we find the liability to temptation sometimes proves too strong for the resistance of the flesh.

GARDEN OF ADONIS

P. 225, l. 7. *Hyacinthus*.—A son of Amyclas and Diomede, greatly beloved by Apollo and Zephyrus. The boy gave his friendship to Apollo, whereupon Zephyrus (the West-Wind), chagrined at this slight, when Apollo and Hyacinthus were playing at quoits, blew the quoit on to the head of the latter,

whereby he was killed. Hyacinthus was regarded as a type of manly beauty. Festivals called Hyacinthia were founded at Amyclæ, in Laconia, in honour of Hyacinthus.

UNA AMONG THE FAUNS AND SATYRS

P. 229, l. 3. *Faunes and Satyres*=mythical inhabitants of the forests and fields. In Roman mythology Fauns were represented as being half-man and half-goat, while the Satyrs, as Seyffert says, were the Greek spirits of the woodlands, with puck noses, bristling hair, goatlike ears, and short tails.

P. 230, l. 13. *Backward bent knees*=they teach their knees, bent backward like a goat's to obey her.

P. 331, l. 4. *With olive girland cround*—as a sign of peace.

P. 231, l. 16. *Cybele or Rhœa*, the wife of Chronos, and one of the great Olympian gods. Goddess of the powers of nature, she was worshipped with music, wild dancing, and many 'franticke rules.'

P. 231, l. 21. *His own fayre Dryope*, one of the Hamadryads, and the mistress of Silvanus.

P. 232, l. 6. *Cyparisse*.—Cyparissus, a youth who, after inadvertently slaying his favourite stag, was, owing to his grief, changed into a cypress tree. He was beloved of Silvanus, who for his sake carried the cypress emblem.

P. 232, l. 14. *Hamadryades*=the nymphs of the trees.

P. 233, ll. 17-19. *Thyamis, Labryde, Therion*, all names denoting a kindred meaning. Thyamis is animal passion; Labryde, the sensuous appetite; Therion, bestiality.

P. 234, l. 25. *Maister of his guise*=instructor of his way of life. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 962: 'Of lighter toes and such court guise.'

P. 235, l. 8. *The Pardale swift*=the panther. Cf. Green's *Mamillia* (Grosart's edition, p. 44).

P. 236, l. 20. *Straunge habiliment*=peculiar situation. Cf. Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, I. iii. 28.

SHEPHERDS CALENDER—FEBRUARY

P. 237, l. 13. *But now it auales*, i.e. but not the tails of the animals droop; a mark of dejection and fear. Note here the curious change of number from plural to singular.

P. 238, l. 2. *Sommers flamme, nor of Winters threat.*—A very common contrast in poets of this time. Cf. *Tottel's Miscellany*, p. 199 :—

‘As laurel leaves that cease not to be green
From parching sunne, or yet from winter's thrette.’

P. 238, l. 14.—*The soveraigne of seas*=Neptune.

P. 238, l. 16. *Little heardgroomes*=youthful herdsmen. Spenser here follows Chaucer almost word for word in the *House of Fame*, III. 135-6 :—

‘As han these litel herde-gromes
That keepen bestes in the bromes.’

Cf. also another similarity, this time in Spenser's own work, to wit, *Faerie Queen*, Book VI. canto ix. s. 5 :—

‘He chaunst to spy a sort of shepherd groome,
Playing on pipe, and carolling apace
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broome
Beside them fed.’

P. 238, l. 24. *Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes*=comes the bitter winter with its wrinkled brows. *Breme* or *brim* is from the Latin *bruma*, hence the French Republican month in 1789, ‘Brumaire.’ Cf. *Ralph Roister Doister*, IV. 6 : ‘If occasion serves taking his part full brim.’

P. 239, l. 9. *My head veray tottie is*=that head is swimming round. Cf. Chaucer, *Reves Tale*, ‘My head is toty of my swink to-night.’

P. 240, l. 2. *As lythe as lasse of Kent*=as soft as lass of Kent. Cf. Drayton's *Eclogues*, IV. :—

‘Her features all as fresh above
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lithe as lass of Kent.’

P. 240, l. 14. *Headlesse hood*=recklessness.

P. 240, l. 15 ff. Note this allegory of youth ; it reminds us of the similar passage in the old mystery of *Mundus et Infans*.

P. 241, l. 8. *The boddie bigge and mightely pight*=the trunk large and deeply planted in earth.

P. 241, l. 18. *Proudly thrust into Thelement*=proudly pushed itself up into air.

P. 241, l. 27. *Cast him to scold*.—As Professor Herford says, the Middle English verb ‘casten’ was especially used of the projection of the mind in forming a plan. For example, in ‘Rede me and be not Wroth’ we note:—

‘Now for our lordes sake go to
To tell the cast of this wholly men.’

P. 242, l. 16. *His trees of state in compasse rownd*=the higher trees, those that were taller than the others. For a kindred use of the phrase, cf. *Tottei's Miscellany* (Arber's edition, p. 200):

‘For she that is a fowle of fethers bright
Admit she toke same pleasure in thy sight
As fowle of state sometimes delight to take
Fowle of mean sort their flight with them to make.’

P. 242, l. 30. *Painted words*=false or specious words.

P. 244, l. 6. *Enaunter his rage mought cooled be*=in case his rage might be soothed. Cf. Gower's *Confessio Amantic*, 1-176:—

‘Ever I am adrad of guile
Inaunter if with any wile
They might her innocence enchaunte.’

OCTOBER

P. 245, l. 29. *In bydding base*=the game called ‘prisoner's base.’

P. 246, l. 6. *Ligr so layd*=to lie so quiet.

P. 246, l. 22. *The shepheard that did fetch his dame from Plutoes baleful bowre*.—This, of course, refers to Orpheus.

P. 247, l. 2. *Argus blazing eye*.—Argus had one hundred eyes, some of which were always awake. Hence Juno set him to watch Io, the paramour of Jupiter; but Mercury lulled him asleep with his lyre and then slew him. Juno placed his eyes in the peacock's tail.

P. 248, l. 1. *The Romish Tityrus*=Virgil.

P. 248, l. 11. *Who in derring-doe were dreade*=who in courageous enterprise were always feared.

P. 248 l. 18. *Sonne-bright honour*=unsullied glory. Cf. Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 88, ‘Regarded in her sun-bright eye.’

P. 249, l. 9. *Her peecdd pyneons* = her imperfect skill.

P. 25, l. 1. *Who ever casts . . . prise* = who ever hopes to accomplish great deeds.

NOVEMBER

P. 251, l. 17. *Virelayes*.—The virelai was properly a lyric (says Herford) with a continuous rhyme system founded upon a periodical return to the same rhymes. Cf. Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, l. 423:—

‘Many an ympne for your holy days
That highten balades, roundels, Virelayes.’

P. 251, ll. 21, 22. *The Nightingale and Titmouse*, for some reason or other, were frequently contrasted. Spenser, as Herford points out, translates this couplet from Marot. The lines in Marot are as follows:—

‘The rossignol de chanter est le maistre
Faire convient devant luy le pivers’;

while in Gascoigne’s *Complaint of Phylomere* we read:—

‘Now in good sooth, quoth she, sometimes I wepe
To see Tom Tittimouse so much set by.’

P. 252, l. 29. *O heavie herse* ! = O heavy refrain or burden.

P. 253, l. 21 ff. This stanza is translated almost literally from Marot’s *Eclogues*.

P. 256, l. 4. *The fatal Sisters*.—The Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

P. 257, l. 7.—*Elisian fieldes* = Paradise.

DECEMBER

P. 260, l. 18. *Wofull stowre* = sorrowful season.

P. 260, l. 20. *Formall rowmes* = her cells ranged in order.

P. 261, l. 1. *To make fine cages, etc.*—‘This employment of weaving cages and baskets had a long series of Theocritean classical precedents. It is one of the vivid traits of pastoral life which echo on persistently through the whole range of classical and humanist pastoral literature.’—*Herford*.

GLOSSARY

*The numbers refer to the page of the text and the line
wherein the word explained occurs*

Aggrate (verb), please, 219, 29

Aread (verb), explain, declare, 76, 7

Avale (verb), to fall, decrease, give in, 131, 9

Beseene (adj.), usually in conjunction as well—as ‘wel be-
seene’—of comely appearance, 16, 28

Betid (verb), happened, 56, 5

Bountyhed (sub.), generosity, bountyhood, 193, 14. Cf. Nash’s
Summer’s Last Will and Testament: ‘What do I vaunt
but your large bountyhood’

Chamferd (adj.), wrinkled, 238, 26

Clouts (sub.), rags, 80, 1. Cf. Burns’s *Tam o’ Shanter*: ‘Wi’
lies seam’d like a beggar’s clout’

Crake (verb), to boast, 176, 18. Cf. Chaucer’s *Reves Tale*,
l. 4001: ‘He craketh boost and swoor it was nat so’

Croupe (sub.), crupper, 38, 11

Cruddle or *crudle* (sub.), to curdle, 238, 28

Dapper (adj.), pretty, neat, 246, 7

Dearling (sub.), darling, 7, 23

Diapred (verb), variegated, 17, 9

Dight (verb), prepare, dress, 16, 18. Cf. Greene’s *Maiden’s
Dreame*, l. 149: ‘His armorie war riche and warlyke
dighte’

Disadventrous (adj.), unfortunate, 56, 5

Dispredd (verb), spread out, 102, 16

Drearihed (sub.), affliction, literally drearyhood, 117, 14

Dreriment (sub.), sorrow, loss, 15, 27. Cf. Lodge's *Wound of Civil War*, Act IV. sc. i. 8. It occurs only here and in Spenser, until Milton's day.

Dye (sub.), fortune, chance, lot, 32, 21

Eeke (conj.), also, 17, 4

Eftsoones (adv.), ere long, 40, 3

Embar (verb), confine, enclose, 30, 26

Emeraudes (sub.), emeralds, 210, 14

Enraunged (verb), set in order, 4, 6

Eyne (sub.), eyes, 5, 18. Cf. Scots *een*

Feculent (adj.), foul, unclean, 104, 25

Fet, fetch, prepare, derive, 4, 14. Cf. Gawain Douglas's *Virgil*, B. VIII. c. vi. l. 9: 'Thair fuid of treis did in woodis fet'

Hent (verb), carried, grasped, 170, 20

Hore (adj.), hoary, 35, 22

Intendiment (sub.), intention, also knowledge, 113, 25. Cf. Machin's *Dumb Knight*, Act I. sc. i: 'And what are you or your intendiments?'

Kesars (sub.), Kaisers, 109, 12

Leasing (sub.), falsehood, 67, 17. Cf. Book of Psalms, iv. 2: 'How long seek ye after leasing'

Limbeck (sub.), a retort, 170, 10

Lustyhed (sub.), strength, 170, 24

Make (sub.), partner, 18, 14

Maulgre (adverb), in spite of himself, 108, 13

Mazeful (adj.), amazeful, wonderful, 21, 24

Merimake (sub.), merrymaking, 251, 5

Mesprize (sub.), calamity, disaster, 199, 13

Monuments (sub.), marks, stamps, designs, 218, 7

Nests (verb), resides, 12, 5

Origane (sub.), wild marjoram, 34, 1

Overcrow (verb), to insult; also to overcome, subdue, 84, 23.

Cf. *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*, Act III. sc. i.: 'He thinks to overcrow me with words and blows'

Overdight (verb), covered, 4, 16

Orches (sub.), sockets of gold in which precious stones were placed, 40, 14

Pight (verb), fix, place, 34, 17. Cf. *Shepherds Calender*, 'February,' 108

Pleasaunce (sub.), polite attentions which give pleasure, 30, 15

Purposes (sub.), discourses, 30, 16. Cf. Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act III. sc. i. 12

Replevie (verb), a legal term, implying to take possession of goods claimed, giving security, at the same time, to submit the question of property to a legal tribunal within a stated period, 65, 4

Rifelye (adv.), abundantly, 261, 15

Rowndell (sub.), round bubble of foam, 43, 20

Scruze (verb), to squeeze, 210, 27

Scuchin (sub.), escutcheon, 38, 7

Shold (verb), should, 9, 7

Soare (partic. adj.), soaring, 2, 5

Surquedry (sub.), pride, arrogance, 36, 2. Cf. *Soliman and Perseda*, Act II. sc. i.: 'And all too late repents his surquedry'

Swincke (verb), labour, 97, 4. Cf. Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, B. V. 272: 'On ydel for to write it sholde I swincke'

Table (sub.), a picture, or that on which a picture is painted, 84, 15. Cf. Shakespeare, *King John*, Act II. sc. i. 503: 'I beheld myself drawn in the flattering table of her eye'

Temed (adj.), yoked in a team, 43, 25

Ticle (adj.), uncertain, 42, 2. Cf. Kyd's translation of *Cornelia*, Act II.: 'Tickle Fortune stays not in a place'

Unsoote (adj.), unsweet sour, 262, 10

Vermill, also *vermeill* and *vermell* (adj.), *vermilion*, 23, 1.

Cf. Barclay's *Ship of Fools*: 'Take nat colde water in stede of vermayll wyne'

Welked (verb), to cause to wane, 251, 9

Whcare (adverbial sub.), place, 39, 11

Wimple (verb), to fall into plaits or folds, 162, 13; also *Wimple*, a veil. A band of linen which covered the neck, and was drawn up over the chin, and generally fastened at forehead.

Cf. *Romaunt of the Rose*, l. 3864

Wonne (sub.), to dwell, 39, 21. O.E. *Wunnian*, to live, reside; is akin to *wont*, in the sense of being accustomed or *wont* to reside in a place. Cf. *Piers Plowman*, Passus II. l. 106: 'With him to wonye in wo, whil God is in hevene'

Wrigle (partic. adj.), wriggling, 237, 12

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